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No. 96 August '83

FEATURES

Cover Photography • Peter Hudson

Interview: Dennis Hopper by Michael Wilmington

"You know, what am I? Am I the fuckin' coyote outside, man? And all the fuckin' dogs can go in and hang their assholes on different pegs, man; and I'm the coyote outside? Well, then, I've got to change all the pegs of the dogs' assholes, man! And that's why dogs go around today smelling each other's assholes: because coyotes changed their assholes around." After 25 years in the movie business, Dennis Hopper has finally gotten things figured out, sort of ...

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In Search of the Hash Fields of Morocco by Ed Rosenthal

Answering an ad in HIGH TIMES magazine, Ed Rosenthal (author of *The Marijuana Growers Guide*, and our own "Ed" of "Ask Ed" fame) is led on one of the most fascinating journeys of his botanical career. Toking his way through one danger after another, Ed manages to penetrate the web of Moroccan secrecy demanded by the native growers, and after many travails (and days without a bath), he is finally granted a vision of the Hanging Hash Gardens of the Ketama Valley. Hard to believe? We've got the pictures to prove it

46

Centerfold: The Olde Buds

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Destroy All Monsters

From Japan comes the deadliest assortment of superheroes ever assembled, to battle a mind-boggling array of mutants, monsters and creepy-crawlers. Known collectively as the Galinja Team, these champions shoot death rays from their eyes and can blow their bodies up to the size of Mount Fuji (if they have to). Keeping the world safe for Toyota and Mitsubishi imports, they patrol the earth righting wrongs (and take photographs of each other doing it)

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Tex-Mex Sex by Chinga Chavin

There's a lot more to growing up along the Mexican border than learning to keep down your chili peppers and refried beans. Especially if you're a 15-year-old "cherry" with a severe case of adolescent turnescence that can only be assuaged by the no-frills ministrations of that wide-eyed and dusky-skinned puta next door. Floating homeward on a sea of childhood reminiscences, our author admits that sure, you may never be able to go home again, but you'll always be able to get laid in Juarez

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

New Terror for Junkies... "Lucho" Arce Arrested after U.S. Indictment... Queens of Cocaine Abound in Colombia... Texas School Trains Kids to Inform... Hostage-Taker O.D.'s on Ransom... Jean Harris Seeks New Trial with Speed Defense... Arbitrator Settles Piss-Test Grievance... Coke Addict Profiled

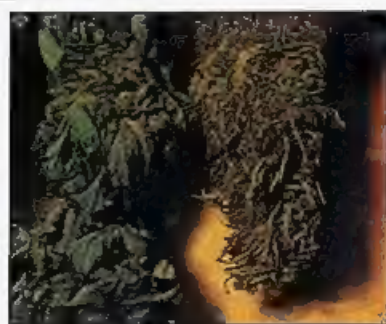
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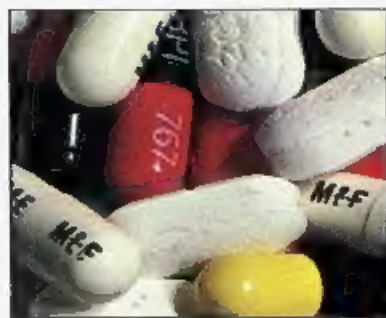
38 "R"'s Fifth Annual Connoisseur Awards

Shock waves were felt throughout the dope-smoking world recently as "R" concluded this year's Herbie extravaganza with his most controversial presentation ever. Reacting to the uproar with the even-mindedness of the ol' Mahatma, our Connoisseur expiates freely on the contentious choice, pleasing and instructing us with his sage wisdom and droll Sprachgefühl.

42 Fassbinder and His Friends

by Michael Wilmington
Arguably Germany's greatest film director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder lived in what may best be described as a pathological state of *extremis* throughout his professional life. Exhaustive overindulgences in drugs, liquor and a perverse sexuality destroyed his body and tormented his mind. In a candid interview with Dieter Schidor, his close friend and producer of his last film, the horror of Fassbinder's personal life and its inevitable intrusion on his art is revealed.

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60 The Peashooter Perplex, Part I

by Dean Latimer
Caffeine pills are what we're talking about here, literally millions of 'em. They're sold under a variety of names—Dietac, Dexatrim, Slim-Eze—to a variety of people. They make a lot of money for a lot of folks, and we thought you should know absolutely everything there is to know about them. First in a three-part series.

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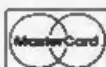
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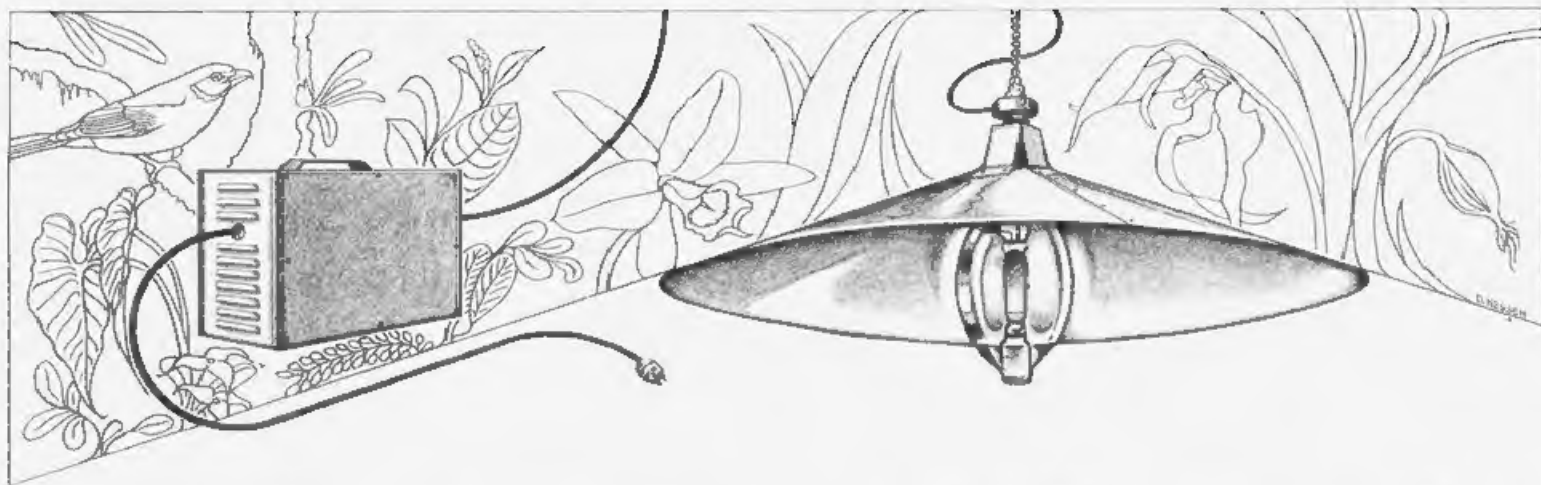
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The Enduring Nickel

Editor:

I've just returned from the park with one of the best bargains in America today: the New York "nickel bag," still at the time-honored price, but better than ever in quality. And it was sold to me not by some thug murmuring from a doorway, but by an enterprising street-level capitalist just like the hot-dog vendor nearby.

The bag itself is the familiar small manila envelope, the top-third sealed and taped around the bottom. In it is a healthy count of good working-man's Colombian, with decent buds and no more shake, twigs or seeds than there ought to be. There's enough to keep a person straight all day with a little economizing—about five joints or around 25 bong hits.

The working New Yorker smokes it all day long; just walk around the streets and breathe, and something good will waft past your nose every few minutes: Observe, the secretaries in Madison Square during lunch hour, standing in small circular clumps and passing a joint. A short distance away are some junior execs behind their shield-wall of attaché cases, likewise getting straight. There go two guys pushing a dolly stacked with office equipment, leaving pungent whiffs in their wake. The hot-dog man is doing a brisk trade. All is well in the city, and everyone's head is right.

Why is the nickel bag such a bargain? The opinion here is that it's solely because of the name. A nickel is five dollars, and that sum has always bought the same size envelope of herb. A nickel bag is a nickel bag: it's tradition.

It cost the same back when there were beatniks, of course, but you took what you got, which usually was inferior stuff, if not a complete burn to begin with. And the price was fairly stiff in terms of Kennedy dollars, since five then bought what 15 does now. Using reverse arithmetic, consider that five Reagan dollars are worth about \$1.70 in Kennedy money. The real cost—to an old beatnik, anyway—is two-thirds less, and the smoke is better because today's numerous smokers demand decent smoke. And, best of all, you never need get cheated these days.

Now a nickel bag is not the bargain

that a quarter pound is, of course, but it's an institution, a piece of history if you will, and if the nomenclature holds, a nickel should be an even better buy 10 years from now. And on those days when your dealer is unavailable, there's nothing to equal the security of feeling that plumply packed little envelope nestling in your pocket, and knowing the wolf has been beaten that much farther back from the door.

—Carleton H. Kent
New York, N.Y.

Your enthusiasm for the nickel bag is admirable (the people's way to cop, and all that), but it has obviously blinded you to the fact that back in the mid-'60s you got at least 15–20 joints out of a nickel, and not five. Face it, Carleton, the nickel bag, like everything else in this country, has shrunk.—Ed.



Standard Equipment?

Editor:

With all due respect to John De Lorean and his creative approach in financing his dream car (and the HIGH TIMES Centerfold of February '83), I hereby present to you the SnowMobile.

—Anthony Razzano
Cortland, N.Y.

Terry's Tops

Editor:

Muchas gracias for Terry Southern's piece of dope humor, "Tito Bandini (If Indeed That Was His Name)" (HIGH TIMES, May '83). It made me laugh until my ears hurt and was worth the price of the entire issue.

—Noah Albrecht
Los Angeles, Calif.

De nada—and watch those ears.—Ed.

Parents' Responsibility II

Editor:

With regard to what to tell your kids about dope—The most important thing is how you use dope yourself. If it's another one of your self-indulgences along the lines of drinking booze or smoking tobacco, then it's not the sort of thing you'd feel good about turning them on to. (But knowing you'd rather they wouldn't get into it themselves, they'll emulate you anyway.) If you're using your dope sacramentally (not necessarily but often seriously), you'll feel good about sharing that experience with your kids when you feel they're old enough to handle it. (But knowing you'd like them to get high, in the highest sense, they might well decide they don't want to, so you have to basically not give a shit either way.)

Using these rough guidelines, then, I would choose not to turn my kids on to, and in fact, would warn them against all the downers and painkillers and numb-maker/dumb-makers in existence—dismayed as I would be to see their young, fresh, intelligent minds possessed and turned to mush by astral elementals (the disembodied but ravenous and amoral entities which constitute the "soul" of these kinds of drugs). On the other hand, I would recommend to them the eventual use of psychedelics—the substances seemingly placed on earth to provide spontaneous revelations of beauty and truth. And I would recommend to them the organic psychedelics in particular, so pure and dependable and trustworthy as they generally are (unstepped-on, as it were). I would allow my kids to smoke grass (a lower level of organic psychedelic) to the point of keeping their own stash if they like, by the time, say, a growing sense of responsibility seemed to have caught up with their adolescent soul-searching. They would have to be older, with a sure sense of spiritual reality and higher consciousness before I countenanced their taking, or turned them on to, the heavier ones, such as peyote or mushrooms. As far as a synthetic blockbuster like LSD is concerned, I would advise against it for anyone who's not prepared to fast first for 40 days.

These are principles which I formulate as I write this, and I realize

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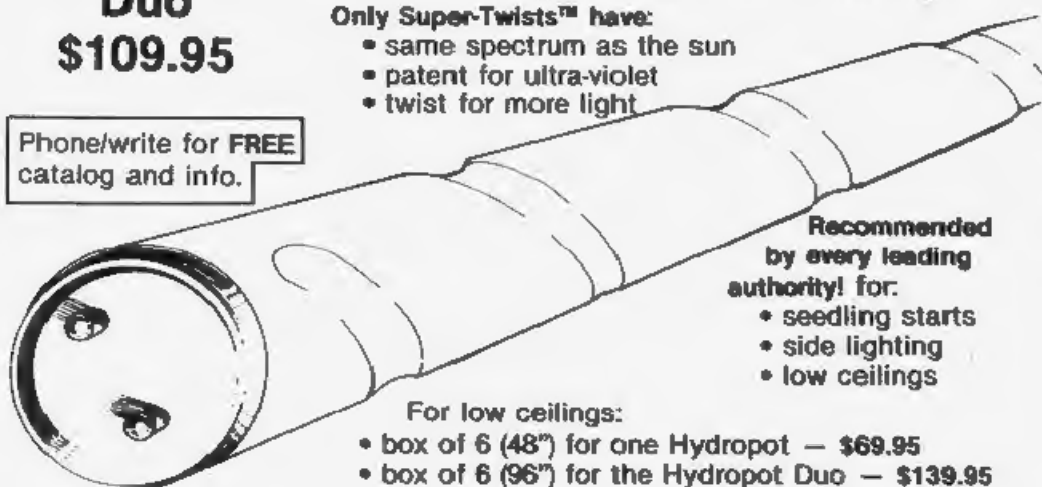
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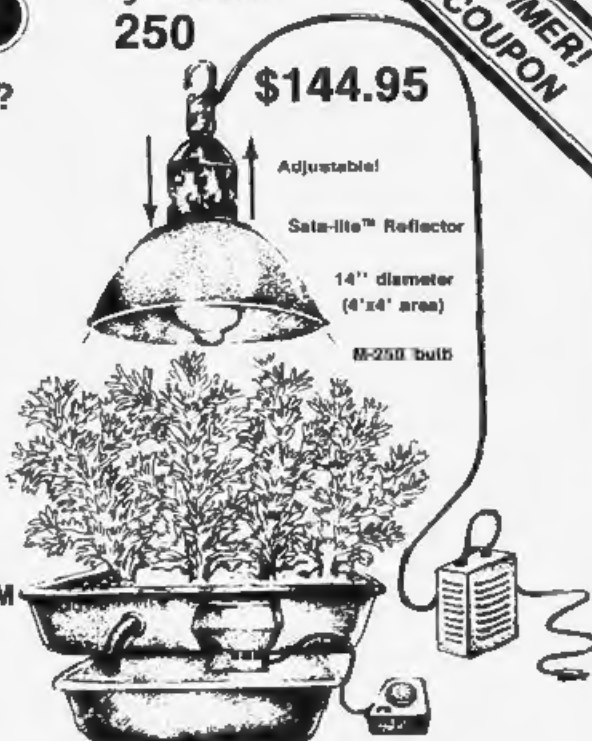
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LETTERS

as I write, that they are partly influenced by how responsible my culture would like me to be as a parent, and how responsible I want to seem to it (and my kids). Actually we've gone through a number of changes about all this over the years, and there were times when one or another of our kids, at various tender ages, would be on such a balls-to-the-wall self-destructive ego trip that there seemed to be nothing more appropriate at the time than to give him or her a toke or two, or just blow some smoke in their face—for the sake of conjuring up the awareness that, yes, there are other viewpoints in the world besides your own. And most of the time it worked. Consequently there is nothing very mysterious or alluring for them about getting high—with cannabis, anyway; knowing now that they can have a toke for the asking, they can take it or leave it. At the same time, it hasn't been devalued for them—too much, anyway. We can only hope that, despite decades of cultural abuse, marijuana will remain of sacramental value to them.

As for the heavier psychedelics, there was the time my eight-year-old daughter, with whom I was always very telepathic, ate the sacred mushrooms with me in the Mayan ruins of Palenque, and we went swimming in the Queen's Bath under the giant limestone mushroom, and dug the toucans and howler monkeys who came to occupy the ruins at sunset. We both remember that trip vividly and fondly—as a time when we became not so much father and daughter as two beings together loving the world. It's a reminder to me that showing your sacrament the utmost respect within a spiritual context allows you to share it with all but the youngest and most innocent—who don't need anything like that anyway. It's all just supposed to get you back to zero, after all.

—Bill Ellison
Shelton, Conn.

Editor:

You asked about our feelings about marijuana and kids. Well, I've been checking it out with my 10-year-old. I've never tried to hide my smoking from him or make a big deal out of it. As a consequence, he views it in very

much the same way I viewed my parents' cigarette-smoking. (Although he certainly sees me and my wife's mood brighten after we've had a few hits at the end of a rough day.) I feel a kid's life is supposed to be reasonably easy and enjoyably straight, and if you instill in your child a basic self-esteem and security, they won't need anything to put in their bodies to make their life more pleasant (the way we adults do). A few years back, my son was playing with some friends and he found a joint. Instead of getting stoned and maybe doing something stupid (the idea was passed around), he brought it home, and when he saw me, pulled it out of his pocket and said, "Hey, dad, wanna get high?" Pretty neat, huh? Just don't give your kids a reason to want to get high and it'll be okay.

—Name and address withheld

Editor:

I have subscribed to your magazine for over a year, and read it the moment it slides out of the mailbox. My kids, 11 and 13, also read *HIGH TIMES*, and I am writing to comment on the doper/parent letter in your April issue.

I have tried every drug available, and now, in my old age (at thirty-five), use mostly grass with a glass of wine. When my kids were young and wailing with colic or other unidentified infant complaints, a little smoke blown over the crib or over my shoulder into the backpack would turn those bloodcurdling cries into happy murmurs within a few minutes. Later on, in childhood, they were always around dopers, and rarely showed interest, although their questions have always been answered with truthfulness.

For a while, my son used to request his own joint once a year on his birthday, and it would stand there stuck in his cake along with the candles. Now, both kids ask for grass when it's going around, or sometimes turn on with a school friend with my permission.

I am a teacher and I have seen what can happen to children who take drugs all the time or use them to ease an intolerable life; they lose their interest in everything else. I have always felt that pot in mild quantities is harmless, but other drugs seem to

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LETTERS

me to be the prerogative of those whose bodies, at least, are fully grown. My children and I discuss drugs their friends take or tell them about, and they sometimes try to stop the other kids from doing something—angel dust, for instance—that can hurt them. I have asked my kids to take nothing from other kids, but when the time comes, if it does, for them to experiment with mushrooms or coke, for example, to take it from me when they are full grown, and I will make sure that they use the best, and under ceremonial conditions.

So far, my kids trust me and believe that the information I give them is the truth. This relationship goes both ways, and they tell me when they think one of their friends is in deep water, and I try to talk to that kid. (And it certainly is a pleasure to get stoned with the young people you love most in the world, and talk to them, human with human!)

—Name and address withheld
San Francisco, Calif.

Editor:

The parents who wrote that they would like some help in telling their kids about drugs ("Letters," April '83) might find a new book by Dr. Andrew Weil and Winifred Rosen, entitled *Chocolate to Morphine, Understanding Mind-Active Drugs* (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston, 1983), very helpful. The book was written for teenagers and their parents. It avoids the usual scare tactics found in most such literature, and instead, concentrates on what drugs really do (both good and bad). Weil and Rosen realize that kids will use drugs—so they have included, after each discussion about a type of drug, some practical advice on safely using it: "Some Suggestions for Using Marijuana Wisely," "Some Precautions about Organic Solvents and Inhalants," etc.

I hope your readers who have kids will be able to benefit from this long-overdue book. Parents are going to have to buy it themselves, though, since schools are not likely to use a book as honest as *Chocolate to Morphine* is.

—Name and address withheld

Very good idea—We should have thought of it ourselves, since we excerpted Weil and Rosen's book in our last issue.—Ed.

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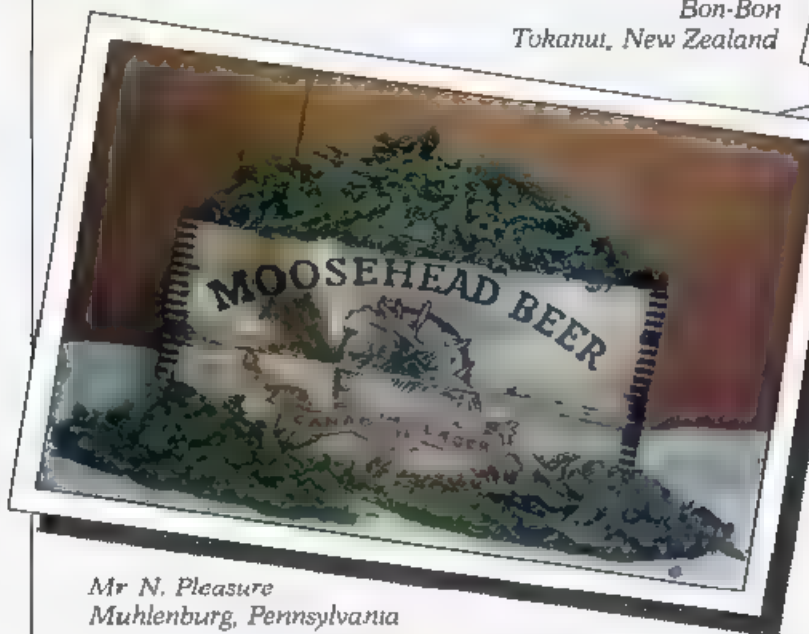
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FLASHES

The People's Choicest, Part II

A while back we ran a spread featuring photographs from those of you with sinse enough to make it into the pages of this magazine. The response was predictable —hundreds more potshots from horti-culturally minded readers all across the nation (and New Zealand too!). So here we go again, sending out the call to every seed-suckin' pod-pickin' one of you: *America, show us your buds!!*

Bon-Bon
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Mr N. Pleasure
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Bob S
Guide Rock, Nebraska

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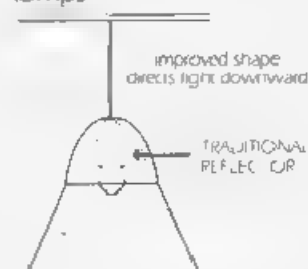
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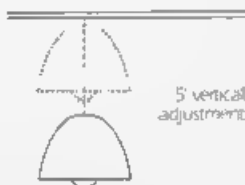


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.5	.44	.88	1.32	1.76	2 20	2.65	3.09	3.53	3.97	4.41
.6	53	1.06	1 59	2.12	2 65	3.17	3 70	4.23	4.76	5 29
.7	62	1.23	1 85	2.47	3.09	3 70	4.32	4.94	5.56	6.17
.8	.71	1 41	2 12	2 82	3.53	4.23	4.94	5.64	6.36	7.05
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1.0	.88	1 76	2 65	3 53	4.41	5 29	6 17	7 05	7.94	8.82

Cheaper by the Joint?

This chart comes to us from one Neal O'Neal, and what it does is measure the cost of your herbal inhalation per joint, pipe bowl, whatever. By finding the price you paid for an ounce along the top of the chart, you can look down the left side for the amount you are paying for a joint, for a bongful or even for the day. Neal informs us that extensive empirical research has determined the average joint to hold approximately one-half gram of smoke, and an average pipe bowl just a shade more—which, if you're blowing some top-drawer Hawaiian at \$225 an ounce, comes to a little less than \$4 a joint! Ditchweed never seemed so...er, tolerable.

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Here's something you've never seen before (and, most likely, will never see again): a page from a 1936 government order book for opium, coca leaves, etc. Somehow, one of our readers latched on to this delicious bit of bygone Americana and is now offering the whole book (10 forms in all, plus duplicates) for sale. Originally designated to a chief army medical officer, the book is in all probability the last one of its kind printed before the Marihuana Tax Act of 1937. The volume is in mint condition and we are assured that the Xerox shown here does little justice to the detailed filigree-work along the border of each document. The bidding for this baby will start at \$1,500. If you're interested, drop a line to: Auction, P.O. Box 5630, Santa Monica, CA 90405

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Dear Ed

What is the minimum distance that you can place a lone male plant from your female plants without causing pollination?

—Name withheld
Seligman, Mo.

Cannabis is a wind-fertilized plant. The pollen floats in the air and a very small percentage of it comes in contact with the females. Prodigious quantities of pollen are produced to assure adequate pollination.

Indoors, male plants will fertilize females kept in the same room with them. Outdoors, pollen can travel for miles. However, it becomes so dispersed that at distances greater than 500 feet, only an occasional seed will result. The pollination rate depends on airflows. Female plants upwind of a nearby male may not be pollinated.

Dear Ed

Why does everyone want to stop marijuana growers from growing?

—T.S.
Keysville, Ga

The majority of Americans believe that marijuana laws are unjust and should be changed or eliminated.

Unfortunately, the people in power do not agree with the people they supposedly represent. They are influenced by three self-interest groups:

The most powerful is the combined forces of law enforcement, prosecution, jailors and social services. Over 400 000 marijuana busts are made each year. That comprises about 4.7 percent of total arrests and costs taxpayers about three million dollars a year.

Research scientists living off government grants and subsidies are the second group. These paid hacks have been searching for the deleterious effects of marijuana for 15 years. They know that their biased experimentation would come to an end if the herb were legalized. Some of the "scientists" the government sponsored, such as Gabriel Nahas, have been discredited, but the government just brings others up from the ranks.

So-called parents groups are the third element of this evil triangle. They were conceived by the DEA and are, for the most part, funded with grants, subsidies and other aid from them. Their purpose is to influence legislation that the DEA favors. Although they are called parents groups, in reality they are run

by political opportunists, and maintain parent leadership only at the local level. These organizations have found easy street in this administration—an administration which refuses to understand that marijuana will remain a problem as long as it remains illegal.

Dear Ed

What would you suggest for cleaning and curing a bale found in seawater?

—Anonymous
Sacramento, Calif

Open the bale and remove any material that has not become wet. Separate the rest into saturated (soaked) and wet (moistened) groups. Fill a container with cool or cold tap water. Using a strainer, nylon bag or cheesecloth to wrap the marijuana loosely, dip the saturated material in the water several times and let it drain. Make sure to change the water in the container often. Many of the plant pigments, chlorophyll and other water-soluble constituents of the marijuana will dissolve, but the THC, which is an alcohol/oil soluble, will not. The salt which coated the pot will also dissolve.

Next, dry the drained pot. This is done by spreading it in a thin layer on newspaper or cloth. Keep it in a warm, dark place with plenty of ventilation. Good areas are above a heater, or out in the sun with a black cloth covering it. Electric food dehydrators work well, and microwave ovens set at 200° for several minutes can help speed the drying process. Make sure to dry the material quickly before anaerobic decomposition begins. This process is easily detected by the ammonia smell given off.

Dry a little bit of the moist grass. If it doesn't taste odd, just dry it all. If it tastes bad, use the dipping procedure.

Dear Ed

When plants turn hermaphroditic, what steps can be taken to prevent them from pollinating themselves? If you have seeds from hermaphroditic plants, what are your chances of having hermaphrodites? What can you do to get pure females?

—Name withheld
Manitou Springs, Colo.

Hermaphroditism is the characteristic of having male and female flowers on the same plant, usually a female. It is for the most part hereditary, although male flowers can be induced chemically and by stressing the plants, using un-

usual lighting regimens. Thai and Mexican plants (and hemp—another part of the same species) are often hermaphroditic.

Seeds produced using hermaphroditic parents will be hermaphroditic for the most part. Seeds produced using a hermaphrodite and a normal parent will be mixed.

Removing hermaphroditic plants from the garden is the best way to assure that other plants will not be pollinated. Some growers attempt to remove the male flowers before they open. This is a time-consuming task and is not always successful. A correspondent, J.H., in Chicago, wrote that a negative ion generator was hooked up to several hermaphroditic plants and their male flowers did not open, so that pollination did not occur.

Dear Ed

Power companies have thrown red flags on people with unusually high power consumption, leading to arrests. Is there a safe limit, or guidelines, on the amount of kilowatt hours I can run without arousing suspicion?

—Name and address withheld

Power consumption is definitely a limiting factor in indoor cultivation. I don't know of a formula used by power companies, but I assume that running more than three lamps may arouse suspicion. During cold months it is safe to run another lamp. Commercial and manufacturing operations usually consume much larger amounts of power, so that growing areas located in nonresidential areas arouse less suspicion.

Indoor grow rooms receiving natural light supplemented by halides use much less power.

"Ask Ed" welcomes questions, comments and information about marijuana. Only a small fraction of the questions can be answered each month. However, in time, we hope your questions will be covered. Photos and illustrations are also welcomed, but they cannot be returned, and may be published.

Here are this month's "Ask Ed" photos. Above left: Unhinged door serves as makeshift nursery for part of this year's crop. Above right: Healthy New York colas ripening to maturity. Below left: Thai plants 2½–3 months old. Below right: Who said city folk can't raise a decent patch.



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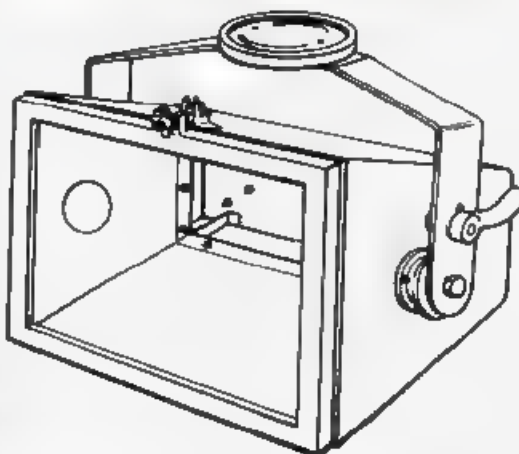
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NEW TERROR FOR JUNKIES!

BATHTUB CHEMISTS COOK UP DISABLING POISON

by Mark Swain

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

PEOPLE WHO COME ACROSS A CHANCE TO BUY connoisseur "China white" heroin would be well advised to steer clear of it, unless the dealer can somehow conclusively prove that the smack really did come from poppies grown in Southeast Asia. Synthetic imitations of real China white have been increasingly prevalent on the clandestine market in recent years, and some have turned out to be infinitely more toxic than real smack. As the technology of bathtub labs improves, bathtub chemists are

coming up with easily synthesized opiates like fentanyl, which conveys a rush, when injected, much like heroin; but fentanyl only lasts in the body for about 30 minutes before another shot is required (for a practicing addict), and is so much more potent by weight than heroin that a series of successive shots can readily build up to lethal overdose quantities. The most appalling of the new bathtub heroin congeners studied so far, though, has been a bathtub version of
/continued on page 22

NEW TRIAL FOR JEAN?

MENTAL/SPEED DEFENSE SOUGHT

NEW YORK CITY

JEAN HARRIS, FORMER HEADMISTRESS OF THE MADEIRA School for Girls and convicted killer of best-selling Scarsdale dietician, Dr. Herman Tarnower, may be tried again—with a new defense, based, at least in part, on the aftereffects of her nine years of methamphetamine use. Her current New York lawyer, Michael Kennedy, has filed a motion for a new trial, supported by a battery of affidavits and depositions arguing that Harris, the first time she was tried, was not accorded her rights under the law and was not effectively represented by her attorney. At 59, she has served more than two years of a minimum 15-year sentence and, if her conviction is upheld, will not be released until she is 71.

At the core of Kennedy's argument is the virtually indisputable contention that when Jean Harris put four bullets into the diet doctor she was in a truly extreme state of emotional disturbance. A number of factors, even aside from Tarnower's rejection of her as a lover, Kennedy argues, converged to push her toward near psychosis—not the least of which was her withdrawal from nine years of habituation to Desoxyn (methamphetamine). Ironically, Tarnower himself had been her script connection for this most powerful of speed medications, and shortly before the murder mailed her another prescription, which she hadn't yet received on the night of the shooting.



Jean Harris after a tense day in court back in February 1981.

Moreover, Harris's mental condition was not much improved at the time of her trial, even though she was back on Desoxyn. Therefore, Kennedy insists, she was unable to participate effectively in her own defense. An extensive affidavit from Dr. Abraham Halpern, who attended Harris daily throughout the court proceedings, supports this argument. Halpern, whose list of credentials and publications are at least equal to those of anyone the prosecution might be able to recruit for rebuttal purposes, states that in the course of the trial she fluctuated mentally from "minimal competence" to "borderline psychotic." In fact, Halpern says he was almost continually considering having her
/continued on page 22

COL. ARCE ARRESTED ON U.S. WARRANT

BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA

COL. LUIS "LUCHO" ARCE was arrested here on May 16 following a request from the United States for his extradition. Arce, former minister of the interior of the Republic of Bolivia, was finally formally indicted this spring by a federal grand jury in Miami for smuggling billions of dollars' worth of cocaine into the United States. The "Minister of Cocaine," who was repeatedly fingered in *HIGH TIMES* as a top international coke mover in 1981 and '82 (see "Cocaine Colonialism," Aug. '81, *inter alia*), was charged with organizing a government-sponsored coke industry in Bolivia's wild and woolly Santa

Cruz Department during his tenure as the number-two man in the Bolivian military junta. He was granted political asylum by the Argentine government after he fled Bolivia when civilian government was reinstalled in October '82, and had been living in a swank district of Buenos Aires ever since.

Arce is named in a federal indictment along with seven other top Bolivian officials with whom he successfully conspired to move mountains of toot into the United States over a period of three years. Arce's personal lawyer, Alberto Alvarez, is also named, along with the former junta's



Col. "Lucho" Arce, Bolivia's former minister of the interior, talks to reporters in Buenos Aires after fleeing his homeland in 1982.

government counsel, Juan Carlos Camacho; Santa Cruz's erstwhile regional narco chief, Tito Comacho; its top federal narc, Jose Luis Gutierrez; Interior Ministry agents Herlan Echeverria and Jose Nelo Callau; and a certain "Mendieta," a lab chemist for the ministry.

The other defendants are, for the moment, at-large in various countries, since they face prosecution by the current Bolivian government of Hernan Siles Zuazo. Observers here confidently predict a lengthy legal battle over Arce's extradition to the United States. **MT**

'QUEENS OF COCAINE' ABOUND IN COLOMBIA

MIAMI, FLORIDA

THE DRAMATIC BUST LAST winter of Colombia's renowned "Queen of Cocaine," Veronica Rivera de Vargas (see "Highwitness News," July '83), received so much spicy international publicity that U.S. federal narcs have gone public with a list of two more alleged Latino *mamacocas*. Although U.S. authorities had nothing to do with the raid on Senora Rivera's opulent ranch in the Andean foothills 200 miles south of Bogotá last February, they know a headline-grabber when they see one, and women and coke always grab headlines.

Just about the time Veronica Rivera was rolled up by the Colombian *federales*, U.S. feds in Miami cordoned off a swanky restaurant here, where some wealthy Latino types were throwing a baby shower. The target of the raid which ensued was Martha

Libia Cardona de Gaviria of Bogotá, who had supposedly flown into the States for the celebration, using a passport designed by Colombia's master forger/counterfeiter, "Picasso." However, the lady in her mid-30s answering Libia Cardona's description at the party turned out—after the feds had carted her off and fingerprinted her—to be a mere coke mule.

Senora Cardona runs a whole string of mules out of Bogotá, the narcs say, flying to Miami or Los Angeles with caches of toot hidden in their girdles, or in balloons in their stomachs or in equally preposterous places. Though she was busted in Florida in 1980, she skipped on a million-dollar cash bond back to Bogotá and the embrace of her family. So far, two of Cardona's sisters have been murdered by dope gangsters, and her boyfriend Luis was blown

away in a New York hotel in 1977. But the surviving Cardonas and Gavirias are close and affectionate. "She's survived because she's stuck with mostly family members," says a Dade County narc. "Her brothers and sisters are her lieutenants." She also has four kids of her own.

The extended family of Marta Ospino, another Colombian coke queen, supposedly has 63 members, all in the marching-powder industry. Marta is 55. With her husband Fernando she supposedly ships whole plane-loads of coke, grass and boot ludes out of bush strips in Santa Marta Department on Colombia's Atlantic Coast.

As for Veronica Rivera, 39, she's still in jail in Bogotá, though, at last report, she was at daily risk of assassination in her cell by any number of other coke gansters in the same prison. During her sev-

en-year reign as the Queen of Cocaine, Rivera regularly dined on other dope movers to the government, by way of eliminating competition, she also frequently hired paramilitary death-squad goons to grease her rivals and their families. On her rare visits to Bogotá, where she still owns an ice-cream parlor and a crystal shop, Rivera's juiced-up BMW was always flanked by two Mercedes full of armed bodyguards. And when her *finca* was raided down near Cochabamba, among the 14 dope movers on the premises were two ranking officers of the Colombian national police force.

"She seemed to have a lot of influence in the past," Miami DEA pressman Brent Eaton tells reporters. "But she became so big and violent, I think the Colombian government could no longer tolerate her." **MT**

TEXAS SCHOOL TRAINS KIDS TO INFORM

COULD PAYOFFS FOR SNITCHING BE USED TO BUY MARIJUANA?

LEWISVILLE, TEXAS

STUDENTS AT LEWISVILLE High School have been learning that there is easy money in dope. Any kid who snitched on another student for drugs this past term was promised \$50 out front, for the tip alone, from school superintendent V.M. Burkett. And if the tip panned out and the fingered party turned out to be holding, the tipster got another \$50, from a snitch-fund assembled for the school by the PTA, using donations from local businessmen.

Lewisville was a sleepy suburb of Dallas until the early 1970s, but has been growing by leaps and bounds—over 162 percent in 10 years—with the flourishing of the Sunbelt. With the influx of out-of-staters and Chicanos, the preservation of white middle-class values, by any possible means, has become exceedingly important.

So when kids at Lewisville High were dined on by each other, the dime was whisked directly off to the office of Principal Douglas Killough, and searched in front of a witness. If any sort of dope turned up, the cops and the kid's parents were called, and an automatic 10-day suspension was imposed. Suspensions could last a whole academic year in grave cases, though ordinarily the kid was "recommended" to drug counseling after the suspension.

"The general response has been very supportive," says Superintendent Burkett, who told a columnist for *USA Today* that the school's snitch line has been ringing continually since the head-hunting program was announced last year.

Assistant Principal Malcolm Dennis also reported with pride that some students had "even turned in their best friends." (See *HIGH TIMES*, "Flashes," July '83.) Still, in

the first six months, only 17 kids—out of a student body of 2,200—managed to get suspensions, mainly for marijuana.

tion of scoring the snitch fee and dividing it between themselves afterward: \$25 for the tipster, and \$25 for the guaranteed-clean tippee. Decent

The kids got \$50 for the tip alone, and \$50 more if the tip paid off.

No one was asked, however, whether kids might be conspiring to snitch on each other with the premeditated inten-

marijuana, *HIGH TIMES* is advised, is going at less than \$25 per half-ounce in Texas just now.

"Drugs are a violation of the law—a felony," says Burkett. "We don't want it on our campus. The students don't want drugs on campus." He says the exceedingly small number of kids who turn out to be carrying drugs, compared to the very large number of kids who get snitched on (at \$50 a whack), is due to the "deterrent" effect the program has had. "Killough calls it a way for students to help one another," writes *USA Today's* Julie Morris, and adds, "Some students agree." **HT**

HOSTAGE TAKER O.D.'S ON RANSOM

ALBANY, OREGON

"HE SAID HE WAS GOING to blow his head off anyway," said one of the drugstore hostages, "because he didn't want to go to prison." But burglar Rodney Williams, 27, was saved the trouble of greasing himself when

the pharmacist, at his demand, shot him up with so much dope that he turned blue on the spot. That ended the two-hour hostage siege, and Williams's life as well.

With a pistol and a shotgun, Williams had walked

into Ervin's Drugstore on the town's one shopping street that morning and ordered the seven customers inside to lie down on the floor. When they weren't fast enough, he blew a hole in the ceiling with the shotgun. Then he ordered the pharmacist to start fixing him up with dope, and kept insisting, even when the druggist said he'd never given anyone an injection in his life. In the course of all this, the cashier was able to escape through a window Williams had shot out.

Williams, recently busted for burglary and completely strung out, even blew away a telephone that began ringing after local cops heard there was trouble in the drugstore. "He kept saying he wasn't going to hurt us," a hostage said later. "He just wanted drugs."

The particular drug demanded by Williams was not revealed, though probably it was Dilaudid (hydromorphone), the only drugstore opiate known to produce a rush like real heroin. After two or three successive shots, he keeled over and the police rushed in. Williams could not be revived at Albany General Hospital. **HT**



JUNKIES FACE NEW THREAT

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Demerol, which has produced some of the most gruesome brain damage syndromes ever described.

"Drug-induced Parkinson's disease," it's called, and fortunately, the very first case of it on record involved a bathtub chemist who'd cooked up the dope that caused it. This man, 23 years old, wound up in a hospital in 1977 unable to move, or even to swallow, but conscious and convulsing. Since these are the symptoms of advanced Parkinson's disease—which ordinarily only develops over a period of years in much older people—he was treated with L-dopa, an anti-Parkinson's agent. As soon as he was able to speak, he was asked about his drug habits.

He turned out to be greatly fond of speedballing cocaine with meperidine (Demerol). The meperidine was hard to come by, but as a graduate student in chemistry, he had the

know-how and hardware to synthesize meperidine on his own. To speed up the process, he gradually took to cooking his stuff at ever-higher temperatures; and thus he managed to contaminate his dope with a by-product called "N-methyl-4-phenyl-1236 tetrahydro-pyridine," or MPTP for short.

It was the MPTP that produced his Parkinson's symptoms, doctors were able to determine within a year. The patient persisted in doing dope, and even managed to "abuse" the L-dopa he had to take, and died of a coke overdose in 1978. On autopsy, the body turned up "lesions in the brain that are typical of aged Parkinson's disease patients," according to a team of physicians from the National Institute of Mental Health. Specifically, the cells in the "substantia nigra" section of the basebrain that produce the brain-messenger

hormone called dopamine had been virtually wiped out by the MPTP.

Dopamine is a critical brain hormone which, when overproduced from the substantia nigra, is associated with the symptoms of schizophrenia. When it's underproduced, however, as in Parkinson's and other degenerative brain diseases, the result is loss of muscle control and paralysis. Drugs like L-dopa, which supplement the action of whatever dopamine may remain, are the only remedy, and can be problematic themselves. Patients given L-dopa may have inexplicable flashes of sexual arousal, psychic disruptions, and a sporadic "off-and-on" syndrome: episodes of paralysis lasting two or three minutes at a time.

While no one knows exactly what causes these quirky side effects of L-dopa—or exactly how L-dopa works to allevi-

ate Parkinson's, in fact—researchers at NIMH are now using MPTP with monkeys to investigate these phenomena. Such studies will hopefully enable researchers to come up with superior treatments for parkinsonism patients, and may lead eventually to an understanding of what causes it to develop in old people in the first place.

But, unhappily enough, NIMH's lab monkeys aren't the only primate organisms getting drug-induced Parkinson's from MPTP. Within the last year, two separate outbreaks of drug-induced parkinsonism have occurred in the United States in the Midwest and the San Francisco Bay area. Although less than a dozen people, so far, have been examined, their symptoms have been appalling. Hyperactivity is a notable complaint, as is "dyskinesia"—uncontrollable muscle spasms and flashes of phantom sensations here and there throughout the body. The NIMH doctors believe that relatively low doses of MPTP, taken only a few times, may inflict brain-cell damage so mild that victims will not seek treatment for it immediately; in the normal process of aging, however, these people will be likelier to develop symptoms of extreme parkinsonism much more quickly than other people.

Bathub China white isn't likely ever to overwhelm the smack market, because its synthesis requires a lot of lab gear and industrial chemicals which are hard for clandestine chemists to assemble without coming to the attention of the police. However, it's entirely likely that relatively small batches of poorly cooked, synthetic smack, possibly contaminated with MPTP, will show up briefly in local areas around the United States from time to time. Thus, even mere weekend "choppers," people who do heroin only at extended nonaddictive intervals, will face a real hazard of developing premature Parkinson's even if they only score a few doses of contaminated "smack" over a period of years. **NT**

HARRIS

/ continued from page 19

committed involuntarily to a mental hospital. According to the consensus of the affidavits, the tension created by Harris's frequent emotional outbursts was so intense that Harris was eased out of participating in legal discussions of her case, and was systematically excluded from 111 robing-room conferences with Westchester County judge Russell Leggett.

Judge Leggett was well aware of Harris's unstable condition, according to documents filed with the new trial motion; and, Kennedy argues, Leggett was thus legally bound to hold a hearing on his own initiative to determine whether she was actually competent to stand trial. That the judge did not do so, Kennedy contends, constituted another violation of Harris's rights.

Finally, Harris's new lawyer

asserts that her former counsel, Joe Aurnou, misadvised her on crucial legal points, and in so doing, deprived her of the "extreme emotional disturbance" (EED) defense. This is crucial because, according to



Michael Kennedy

Kennedy, if she had pleaded "extreme emotional disturbance," the jury would have had the alternative of convicting her of first-degree manslaughter, a crime for which the minimum sentence is two to six years. The defense Aurnou employed allowed only for a verdict on second-degree murder, which carries a mini-

mum of 15 years. Moreover, Dr. Halpern states in his affidavit that he repeatedly offered to testify to Harris's "disturbed" state until well into the trial, but that Aurnou refused these offers.

According to Kennedy, Aurnou was also under the illusion that, if Harris resorted to the EED defense, she would have to give up her physician-client privilege and be the subject of extensive psychiatric testimony, and she would have to admit an intention to kill Dr. Tarnower: something she denied throughout the trial and continues to deny.

If Jean Harris does get a new trial, Kennedy has promised to call pharmacologists to testify to the effects of long-term Desoxyn use and withdrawal. This could set the stage for an interesting debate among drug experts: Goodman and Gilman's authoritative "Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics" does list "suicidal or homicidal tendencies" among the toxic side effects of the drug. **NT**

ARBITRATOR SETTLES PISS-TEST GRIEVANCE

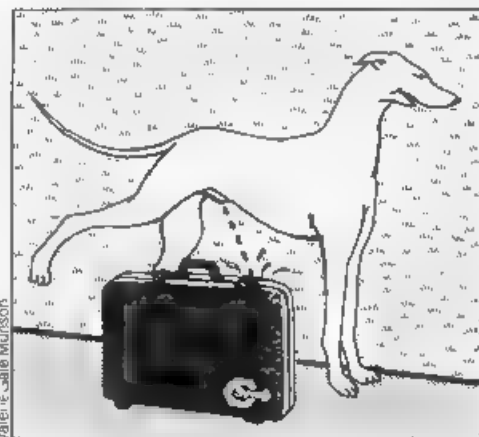
by Dean Latimer

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

THE FIRST MAJOR CHALLENGE TO THE compulsory screening of private citizens with marijuana urine tests has resulted in a decision which neither rejects nor upholds the practice. In March of 1982, the Greyhound bus company fired five drivers in San Francisco after THC end-products were allegedly discovered in samples of their urine by the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, a commercial urine-testing process (see "The Golden Swindle," *HIGH TIMES*, Nov. '82). The drivers petitioned to have their jobs restored, with back pay, through their union, Amalgamated Transit Workers Union, division 1225. The subsequent arbitration hearing, where attorneys for the union and Greyhound debated the propriety of using the EMIT pot test and its accuracy, was held last No-

vember, and the independent arbitrator handed in his final decision four months later.

This decision, the first of its kind on the public record, was awaited with considerable interest by attorneys all over the country. The EMIT pot test has been widely used by employers to fire and deny employment to people since its introduction on the market in 1981. The result has been a brushfire of lawsuits brought against these employers by people claiming damages to their careers, reputations and civil rights, sometimes asking reparations in excess of \$1 million. Since the results of the Greyhound arbitration matter were likely to be the first decisive public ruling on the EMIT pot test, the case was very closely watched by—among others—San Fran-



cisco trial attorney Gordon Brownell, who expects to be handling EMIT cases as a specialty in the future.

As it turned out, the decision by New
/ continued on next page



LIBRE DE CUBA: Sandra Mecier kisses her native soil as Regla Blasco-Carmona (right) and Elisa Steedley emerge from the plane that brought them to Key West in April. They were released from Cuba after being imprisoned for almost a year. Their boat, allegedly containing 5,000 pounds of pot, had apparently drifted into Cuban waters. Five male members of the boat's crew remain in Cuban jails.

COKE ADDICT PROFILED

NEW YORK CITY

THE AVERAGE COCAINE fiend in New York City spends at least \$800 a week on toot—or at least the average coke fiend, who gets so strung out that he calls the new cocaine "helpline," according to addiction researcher Dr. Arnold Washton. Washton, who for years has run one of New York's most celebrated heroin-detox clinics, is director of drug-abuse research at New York Medical College. After tallying up statistics from the 2,500 calls received by the coke hotline (dial 212-COCAINE) in its first month of operation, Dr. Washton reported some interesting characteristics of the callers to the Alcohol, Drug Abuse and Mental Health Administration.

Over three-quarters of the callers—78 percent—were males in their early 30s, primarily college-educated. A third were black, and over half were white. Over half showed "psychiatric symptoms" of some sort, and 64 percent were in trouble at work. Virtually all complained

of health problems such as insomnia, weight loss, tremors, headaches or sore noses, and 83 percent said their habits had disrupted their friendships. Their mean weekly intake of coke worked out to 8.2 grams, which, at \$100-plus a gram in New York, helps explain why 83 percent reported financial troubles.

Most said they "began with occasional cocaine use," says Washton, "and were rather surprised at how quickly and intensely their use escalated to compulsive patterns, particularly since they had previously believed that cocaine was nonaddictive."

Many people believe that simply because cocaine doesn't cause physical withdrawal symptoms after prolonged use is suspended, they can't get strung out on it, particularly if they merely snort it. Washton, however, says this rumor is "challenged" by his data, which show as many snorters seeking help for compulsive cocaineomania as shooters and freebasers. **HT**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

'EMIT' DECISION MUDDLED

/ continued from page 23

York labor arbitrator Thomas Knowlton was "neither fish nor fowl," Brownell's associate Jane Pitts agreed. Knowlton ordained that the five drivers should be given their jobs back by Greyhound—but only on condition that they be given another urine screen for THC first (which all subsequently passed). And Knowlton said they should be awarded back pay, too—but only half the back pay for the whole year they were out of work. His decision, that is, left the whole issue exactly as muddy and open-ended as it had been before.

Arbitrator Knowlton's rather less-than-Solomonic decision fascinated many observers. "He only heard one day of testimony," one EMIT buff reasoned, "and he was probably pretty reluctant to set any national precedent on piss-testing for pot on the basis of that little bit of testimony. So he gave both sides exactly half of what they wanted. Now Greyhound can go on piss-testing employees, but they're still not sure they can fire them for EMIT 'positives.' And the drivers get their jobs back, but they're out half a year's pay, with a permanent blot on their employment records."

Urine Trouble Now

The issues placed before arbitrator Knowlton last November, in a conference room at the Hilton Hotel on O'Farrell Street, must have been pretty bewildering to anyone who'd never heard of the EMIT before. The EMIT pot test is very different from other drug tests, which ordinarily only show positive while the target drug is active in the urine-donor's system, or for some few hours afterward. The EMIT process, however, has been shown—by its own manufacturer, Syva Company of Palo Alto, California—to continue showing regular THC positives for over 20 days after last-time exposure to marijuana smoke. While the company claims that generally the test only shows positive for "10 to 12 days" after pot use, they concede that the actual range is entirely unknown. In any case, the process is patently inadequate to distinguish between on-the-job and off-the-job use of grass, which raises major invasion-of-privacy issues. And since its reliability rate has been seen to vary wildly—as low as 60 percent, depending on various circumstances—the use of the EMIT pot test for purposes such as firing employees is discouraged now even by Syva Company itself.

On the other hand, as Greyhound corporate attorney N.E. Anderson of Phoenix explained at the hearing, the simple existence of a urine test for pot puts

Greyhound in a sticky wicket. If a Greyhound driver were to be involved in a highway accident and be given an EMIT scan by the police, and if THC were to show up on the scan, then undoubtedly Greyhound would sustain a lawsuit with tremendously adverse publicity. "We are obliged to protect the public and ourselves from that kind of liability," asserted Anderson. He did not add that Greyhound, by setting itself up to be sued by its own employees, had rather bril-

Greyhound's foremost interest appeared to be "protecting its hide."

liantly minimized its own future risk of any such liability; but arbitrator Knowlton subsequently remarked that Greyhound's foremost interest here appeared to be "protecting its hide."

Union attorney Lynn Rossman's main argument was that since the EMIT THC test can't distinguish off-the-job pot smoking from on-the-job intoxication, Greyhound has no more business using it on their employees than a test that might pick up urinary traces of alcohol a week after someone's had a couple beers. Greyhound's pot-test program is an attempt to "dictate the morality" of its employees, Rossman charged, by effectively supervising their off-the-job behavior.

Science Biggies Bump Brains

Greyhound's attorney Anderson sought to lay a "science" case for using the EMIT pot test on bus drivers, by claiming essentially that people unknowingly stay high for days, and maybe weeks, after they smoke marijuana. His personal basis for suggesting this was an opaque line in a one-page "warning about marijuana" from current Surgeon General Dr. Everett Koop, who spoke of "by-products of marijuana remaining in body fat for several weeks, with unknown consequences." This might lead, Koop hypothesized, to "residual effects on performance, even after the acute reaction to the drug has worn off." This inspired lawyer Anderson to independently conclude that THC is stored "in the brain" (it is not), where it's "accumulated in ever-increasing amounts"; and therefore, any time THC shows up in a person's urine, it's a sure sign that a person's not fit to operate a 12-ton Greyhound bus.

To back up his science case, Anderson called as an expert witness Dr. Robert

Willette, who oversaw the development of the EMIT pot test while he was chief of technology research at the National Institute on Drug Abuse in the 1970s. Willette quit NIDA in 1981, after the pot test went into commercial production, and became a hired consultant to corporations and the armed services on the use of the EMIT and other drug tests. Any time the EMIT winds up in court, Dr. Willette is ordinarily hired to testify on its behalf.

Dr. Willette was far too expert to testify under sworn oath that THC has any effects that persist any longer than the six-hour period of acute, measurable intoxication. "There are studies to show that there are long-lasting effects," he merely testified, "the magnitude of which cannot be determined."

These particular studies, as Willette described them, involved tests in which volunteers were tested for normal "baseline" reaction time, tracking ability, attention span and so on, on driving-simulation machines. Then the subjects were given either THC or placebo capsules, and retested at intervals for as long as 48 hours afterward. The subjects given THC, of course, showed a measurable impairment for the six hours they were high, Willette said; and then he went on to say that even after that, their individual test scores never went back to *exactly* the predrug baseline values recorded before the drug was given to them. The obvious unspoken but desired inference was that the THC continued to subtly affect these people for as long as their test scores failed to *exactly* match their predrug baseline scores on all parameters.

Union lawyer Rossman, unfortunately, omitted to ask Dr. Willette in cross-examination whether any of the individuals given placebo ever achieved exactly the same scores on any two driving tests given over the same 48-hour period. She may have been unaware that no one is ever likely, drugged or not, to do exactly the same on successive tests which measure such minuscule differences on so many different parameters of function and performance. Willette never said THC was the cause of any discrepancies in these scores over 48 hours; he simply mentioned "long-lasting effects," and left it to arbitrator Knowlton to put two and two together, and hopefully come up with five, at least.

Knowlton, to his credit, appeared to regard Greyhound's science case as pretty vague and spacy, which it was: "I learned more than I ever want to know," he remarked. The union's science case was hardly more concrete, however. Rossman's expert was Dr. Steven Lerner, a forensic toxicologist who ordinarily gives testimony for the prosecution in criminal drug cases. Lerner's main point against the EMIT was that even if there were any "residual" effects of THC past the period

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of intoxication, the EMIT process is simply inadequate, in the first place, to determine if anyone ever was intoxicated at all. The simple presence of THC in urine is no indication that the urine donor ever inhaled potsmoke voluntarily, or ever inhaled enough to get high. "There is no way of determining from this particular test when a person actually took the drug," emphasized Lerner. "The best you can say is that in the past they have been exposed to it." The union's science case, then, did not even refer to the company's science case (largely because the union case was given first, and there was no time allotted for rebuttals).

Never Stipulate!

From all appearances, the union and Greyhound agreed beforehand that they would make this science issue their main bone of contention, which may have actually pretty much guaranteed the mutually unsatisfactory outcome of the hearing. Attorney Anderson manifested a distinct unfamiliarity with scientific terminology—as when he consistently referred to marijuana as "the cannabinoid plant," and to "cannabinoid" as some kind of specific drug—and Knowlton repeatedly expressed bewilderment and impatience at having to absorb all this abstruse technical garbage in a one-day hearing.

This arbitration hearing, therefore, appeared to be a pretty inauspicious forum for deliberating all the exquisite technical minutiae of the EMIT Cannabinoid Assay, the Byzantine biometabolism of THC, and the constitutional questions of privacy and due process. However, the union had already stipulated with Greyhound that the five fired drivers—the "grievants" in this action—had chosen not to thrash things out on an individual basis.

It might have been preferable to do that, as things turned out. None of the drivers, for example, had actually operated a bus for weeks before being urine-tested in March of 1982; all had been on sick leave or vacation, so there's no way the THC in their urine could possibly have been inbibed while they were on the job. Two of them had diagnosed liver ailments, which could have easily caused the EMIT to show false "positives" on them; one had actually been advised by a doctor that marijuana might help with the nausea her ailment was causing her. Most of all, the lab procedures followed by Greyhound were incredibly slipshod, by professional cop-lab standards at least; no adequate care was taken to insure the samples were properly labeled, and their EMIT positives were never retested by any better method (as Syva Company specifically urges).

Attorney Rossman, in evident compliance with the grievants' wishes, merely put these bald facts on the record. She was hampered, it seems, mainly by the

grievants' own inexplicable stipulation that they had smoked marijuana at some point within weeks or months before the urine tests were given.

This stipulation of prior potsmoking is not only unnecessary, when a person's been "caught" by the EMIT, but in law it's technically equivalent to admitting the prior possession of heroin. Arbitrator Knowlton illustrated what it all leads to when he said: "One of the grievants—I forget which one—admitted that he had smoked a marijuana cigarette—I don't know which one it was. The others admitted that they had taken drugs in the past." In many people's minds, the singular "marijuana" really is synonymous with the plural "drugs," and therefore it's not just unnecessary but unwise to ever stipulate that one has ever been near any marijuana, ever.

Big Bucks

The patently equivocal outcome of the Greyhound case, attorneys like Brownell and Pitts are confident, ought to help motivate more EMIT victims to bring their complaints into courts of law, where the issues can be deliberated properly. While in fact there are numerous cases currently at law involving the EMIT pot test, in not many of them are the plaintiffs anxious to have it known publicly that they've been accused of a "narcotics" violation involving a "Schedule One controlled substance." For people like bus drivers, police officers, paramedics and so on, the simple existence of the accusation on the public record could be sufficient to ruin their employment opportunities for life.

On the other hand, the especially invasive properties of the EMIT pot test, and its self-demonstrated unreliability, ought to render it fairly easy for any knowledgeable attorney to win a decision against it in open court. Not much really can be said in the EMIT's favor, even by hired "expert witnesses" well versed in high-tech double-talk. The special difficulties inherent in making any case favorable to the EMIT pot test were probably best illustrated by one of the Greyhound lawyer's awkward perorations, when he pointed at the five grievants and said:

"The question is whether or not we are going to send those people on the road to test their reliability or whether we have a right to err on the side of conservatism because we know that we have been advised by reliable studies and authorities that the use of marijuana has certain residual effects which are not as definable and quantifiable . . . and granted they are not as definable and quantifiable . . ."

And he never got back to the point. Being a reasonable person, he must have known—as Dr. Willette certainly knows—that drug effects which are not measurable, or "definable," really don't exist. **MT**

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HIGHWITNESS NEWS

DOPE AND CRIME: BAD

TRANS-HIGH MARKET ANALYSIS

by Rudy Giuliani, more or less (with Dean Latimer)

Bud Bogart, the customary author of the "Trans-High Market Analysis," failed to file his column in time this month, having decided, on a lark, to investigate the marijuana-growing technique of Alaskan weed cultivators. "It's high summer, man," he told Dean Latimer, "and in Alaska that means *high*! The photoperiod touches on twenty-four hours of pure, uncut daylight in late spring, right at the start of the pod-and-bud phase, and then it demurshes down to an eighteen-hour day with a six-hour night at the bloom phase. You couldn't work it any better in a hydroponic growhouse with computer-scheduled halide illumination. I just gotta go look at that Eskimo smoke, Dean. You can sub for me, this one month, right?" And off he flew in search of that legendary Holy Grail of the Arctic, the synapse-sizzling Manataska Thunderfuck; and no one has heard of him since. He could be inside of a polar bear by now.

This, in the opinion of booze-head Latimer, is behavior typical of—even *unique* to—your chronic user of the cannabinoid variety of narcotic. The depredations that delta-9 tetrahydrocannabinol inflicts upon the human central nervous systems of chronic-abusing addicts (particularly the copy-filing and deadline-meeting centers of the brain) have been amply documented by such unimpeachable authorities as Heath, Voth, Nahas *et al* (Committees of Correspondence *Proceedings*, Langley, Virginia, Oct. 11-18, 1982, pp 1116-2078).

Therefore, we will use this space, this month, to welcome Rudy Giuliani, newly appointed chief federal attorney for the Eastern District of New York, the drug-bustingest bailiwick of the whole blamed U.S. Justice Department. Rudy, 38, was formerly a hotshot young deputy prosecutor in the old E.D., before he was seduced away to Washington in 1981 to sit at the right hand of William French Smith as a top gun in Ronald Reagan's New Department of Justice. An enviable slot for a hotshot young prosecutor, wouldn't you think?

Well, it turned out to be a *royal* bummer, man. All they'd ever detail Rudy for was fundraising before congressional appropriations subcommittees: wheedling, lying and sermonizing to soak the taxpayer for more and more money (\$250 million at last count) for the president's

almighty, everlasting War on Drugs.

Now, Rudy Giuliani is a trained, veteran investigator and a *wizard* of courtroom pyrotechnics: "a master of cross-examination," they call him. But look what the Reaganauts had him doing!

"Drugs and organized crime have conspired to wreak havoc in our communities and our lives," he had to recite before an appropriations committee last spring, to justify William Webster's demand for another \$150 million for his New FBI. (The TV series flopped, but the true-life malady lingers on.) "Violence has become a way of life for the criminal organizations which deal in drugs. Judges, prosecutors, agents, witnesses and cooperating codefendants have been threatened, assaulted and, in some instances, killed."

Now, this is what is called "mealy-mouthed horseshit" in police parlance. It's the way things *always* are, and always have been, and always will be, as long as drugs are illegal, and Rudy Giuliani knows that perfectly well.

What's more, "the proceeds from drug sales" involve "organized crime" in the "infiltration of legitimate business firms, money laundering and bank fraud, which weaken key parts of the economy."

So that was Rudy Giuliani's analysis of the dope market, and its economic effects, in his swan-song fundraising oration to some damn-fool Washington money committee before they cut him loose and let him come back to the old Eastern District, where he belongs. "I have a tremendous nostalgia and feeling for the office," he tells reporters. "I don't consider it a step down. I enjoy being a prosecutor, running cases and the ability to be more involved as a lawyer. I won't miss the policy-making."

Now that Rudy's back in his beloved old New York City bailiwick where smack and coke proliferate, he can spend lots more time kicking ass, instead of spouting hypocrisy on behalf of some multi-million-dollar glamour war on marijuana. He can leave it to the mealy-mouthed lardbuckets of Washington to howl about the evil effects of delta-9 THC on the copy-filing and deadline-meeting centers of the addict brain.

And if they do *real* well at that, maybe they'll scare Bud Bogart into giving us his column on *time* next month.

TRANS-HIGH QUOTATIONS MARKET

CANADA

Commercial	a trickle	oz	70-90
Colombian	likewise	lb	750-850
Gold and red		oz	125
Colombian		lb	1100-1200
Hawaiian buds	almost non-existent	lb	325-350
	making the rounds	lb	2500-3500
Mexican tops		oz	50-85
		lb	450-650
Homemade "rake"	impotent	gm	.5
hash		oz	250
Afghan hash	replaced by Leb	gm	15
		lb	3250
Kashmir hash	reddish,	gm	25
	rocket fuel	oz	375
U.S. sinsemilla	excellent when available	oz	300
Hash	red Leb	oz	175-200
		lb	2000-2500
LSD	blots from England	one	4-10
		100	200-450
Methaqualone	same boots as in States	one	3-6
		100	275-450
Cocaine	catching up to U.S. standards	gm	130-200
		oz	2000-3200

COLOMBIA

Santa Marta	slow	oz	10-15
gold, reds		lb	60-100
Commercial	usual, strong	oz	2-5
domestic	supply	lb	30-80
Colombian hash	forgettable	oz	5-25
		lb	100-225
Hash oil	a lost cause	oz	150-200
		lb	1500-2000
Mushrooms	not worth the effort	oz	40-75
Cocaine	devalued pesos make this a buy	oz	175-225
		lb	5000-6000

DENMARK

Imported weed	headster's status symbol	oz	75-125
Homegrown pot	subtle, typically European	kilo	1250-3750
		oz	free to \$10
Moroccan hash	quality better this year than last	oz	50-100
	transport problems solved	kilo	1000-2000
Black Afghan hash	top banana	kilo	1200-2200
		oz	100-135
Pakistani hash	ditto	oz	100-150
Cocaine	brisk market	gm	100-150
		oz	2500
		kilo	50,000

ECUADOR

Commercial	fresh as a flower	oz	7-10
Colombian		lb	60-100
Red and gold	surprisingly not that much	oz	15-25
Colombian	passable	lb	200
Sierra buds		oz	6-10
		lb	70-100
Emeralds	the worst	oz	2-4
swamp grass		lb	40-60
Cocaine base	lots	gm	negotiable
Cocaine	pure as the driven snow	gm	25-40
LSD	traded for blow	one	5

JAMAICA

Jamaican gold	color sweetness varies	lb	375-450
Sinsemilla	super tops	lb	750-1500

MEXICO

Guerrero gold	dry, seedy, but super	oz	25
	long-stem	lb	175
Oaxaca	besuties	oz	10
	northern grown,	lb	90
Sinse	saiva	oz	25
		lb	250
Acapulco gold	and green, one of the best	oz	20
		lb	175
Hash	greenish brown, a smoozer	oz	15
	much fake,	lb	150
Cocaine	pass it on	gm	30-50
	much pharma-	ea	1-2
Methaqualone	nautical, okay		

NORTHERN IRELAND

Hash, Red Leb	fresh as a daisy	oz	150
Hash, Blood Leb	in white bags	oz	135
Hash, Paki black	champion	oz	75
Pot, African	okay, not super	oz	170
Pot, Colombian	low-quality meth	oz	110
Pot, homegrown	mostly baloney	oz	0-60
Speed	crystal meth	gm	30
LSD	European blots	ea	6
Cocaine	called "De Lorean White"	gm	160

PANAMA

Seeded redhair	needy but primo	oz	150
		lb	1,650-1,750
Red sinsemilla	still needy but strong & stony	oz	160
		lb	1800
Panama red	rarely red, usually green-brown	oz	50-65
		lb	560

SAUDI ARABIA

Black Kashmir hash	one of the world's great hashes	gm	20
Nepalese hash	fingers only	oz	250
		gm	15-20
Pakistan hash	fresh, pressed	oz	225-250
		gm	10-15
Afghan hash	greenish black, funny	oz	175-200
		gm	10-15
Lebanese red hash	a choker	oz	10
Cocaine	no shit, the real thing, but \$	gm	175-200
		oz	250-300
Thai sticks	great	one	25
Philippine pot	commercial grade	oz	60-75
Ups & downs	legal, kind of	oz	5
Moonshine	homemade	pint	30

UNITED STATES

Area Bulletins			
Trenton, N.J.	humbo marsh	oz	60
		lb	600
	weedy gold	oz	70
	Colombian	lb	650
Frederick, Md.	black Afghan hash	gm	10
		oz	200
Martinsburg, W.Va.	Florida sinse	oz	100-160
Columbus, Ohio	methamphetamine	gm	100

National Market

U.S. sinsemilla	exorbitant, off-season prices	oz	200-300
	rapidly expanding market	lb	2800-3200
Commercial		oz	35-80
Mexican		lb	375-535
Top-grade	horse-cock size buds	oz	50-75
Mexican		lb	500-850
Sinsemilla	good and plenty	oz	1.5-135
Jamaican	a few erratic good, badly trimmed	lb	1200-1500
	tendency toward dryness	oz	35-45
Jamaican sinsemilla	hardly available	lb	375-450
Commercial		oz	70-100
Colombian		lb	700-1000
Primo Colombian	top-flight gold	oz	60-65
		lb	550-875
Thai sticks	sticks like stamps	one	65-75
		oz	700-750
Loose Thai	sticky but plentiful	oz	10-25
		lb	180-225
Hawaiian	watch for impersonators	oz	175-220
		lb	1800-2150
Moroccan hash	dry spit slabs	oz	235-300
		lb	2700-3200
Lebanese hash	here, but in lesser volume	oz	125
	gov't seal	lb	500
Black Afghani hash	bots and pieces	oz	110-140
Paki hash		lb	900-1100
		oz	140-190
Psilocybin mushrooms	in season in Fla. & Ore., go get 'em	lb	1550-2000
Peyote	crusty heads	oz	165
LSD	many varieties	oz	1600-1900
		lb	140-160
Cocaine	prices dipping, big supply	one	1650
		oz	5-10
		gm	3-5
		lb	150-300
		oz	100-200
		gm	325-400
		oz	1850-2850
Methaqualone	best boots in the West	one	4-6
	costly as coke	oz	300-500
Meth-amphetamine		gm	75-110

Alaska

Commercial	shake city	oz	60-65
Colombian		lb	550-650
Domestic	is the season	1/4 oz	50
Sinsemilla		oz	200
Mexican weed	must available	oz	50-65
		lb	500-600
Mainland	immigrant flow	oz	225-300
Sinsemilla		lb	2000-2750
Thai sticks	timberland	one	20
		lb	2400-2650
Lebanese hash	big mover	gm	10
		oz	130-200
Cocaine	are you shutting me?	gm	100-175
	blots	oz	2000-2800
LSD		one	5
		100	350-600
Methaqualone	bootlickers	one	5
		100	350

Hawaii

Puna buds	victim of inflation	oz	225-275
	banana-size buds	lb	2200-2750
Kona gold		oz	225-275
		lb	2000-2500
Mauka Loa	emerald green	oz	200-250
		lb	2000-2500
Mauli wowie	overpriced, overrated	oz	225-275
	fresh from the lab	lb	2400-3000
LSD	for cheap	one	2-4
Mushrooms	not a big mover	gm	free
Cocaine		oz	75-125
Amphetamine	over the counter from S.A.	one	2050-3000
		oz	2

CHARGES

"PCP eats your head." "It's the devil's drug." Everything bad you ever heard about LSD is really true about PCP. PCP can cause combativeness, catatonia, convulsions and coma. Its use can produce irrational or destructive behavior. It can precipitate psychotic behavior, as well as cause toxic psychosis with long-term abuse. Long-term depression can also occur with chronic abuse. PCP causes permanent brain damage.

NATURE AND USE

Phencyclidine (PCP) is a dissociative anesthetic with a wide range of effects on the central nervous system. These include mind-body disassociation, anesthesia, psychomotor stimulation and the effects generally associated with hallucinogenic drugs.¹ Normally, these effects persist for about one to two hours after ingestion of the drug. PCP was first synthesized in 1958 and tested as a human anesthetic. Side effects, such as postoperative excitation, fearful delusions or psychotic behavior made this use impractical. As Sernylan[®] the drug was used by veterinarians to anesthetize large primates.

PCP first emerged as a street drug in 1967 in San Francisco. Called the PeaCe Pill, the drug was not well accepted at that time. For about 10 years afterward, PCP appeared primarily as an active ingredient in drugs of deception. PCP can be snorted, swallowed, smoked or injected, and is peddled like many other drugs, to the young and non-street-wise under various names such as Krystal, "THC" or Superweed. In the late 1970s, PCP emerged as a drug of choice and the horrors of PCP became an overnight media "event." As two medical researchers put it, "PCP is the ideal American-television dramatic drug because it fits so many violent stereotypes."²

The unpredictable behavior of PCP abusers can be frightening and dangerous. Equally frightening is the potential for overreaction by law en-

PHENCYCLIDINE

AKA: PCP, Peace, Krystal, Angel Dust, Hog, Captain Crunch, "THC," PeaCe, K, etc.

Medical advice by David E. Smith, M.D. Written by David E. Smith and Rick Seymour of the Haight-Ashbury Free Medical Clinic. The authors do not advocate the use of any psychoactive substances.

forcement and treatment people when confronted by PCP psychosis. Fortunately for all concerned, use of this drug is on the decline, though it lingers on among the very poor where it continues to be used at low dosage for intoxication.

ADVERSE EFFECTS

Our clinical findings show four different types of PCP intoxication:

1. *Acute Toxicity*, occurring as a direct result of PCP intoxication, can involve combativeness, catatonia, convulsions and coma, and may occur within minutes or hours of ingestion. Hypertensive crises severe enough to be fatal are rare but have been recorded. Mind-body detachment and "moon walking," where the user looks like he's trying to walk on the moon in a space suit, are common. At high doses, grand mal seizures and coma require hospitalization. Acute toxicity can last from a few minutes to 24 hours

2. *Toxic Psychosis* may follow repeated high-dose PCP abuse and represents a break from reality that can last from 24 hours to seven days or more. Symptoms include impaired judgment, paranoid delusions with agitation, auditory and visual hallucinations, and behavior that is destructive to self or others.

3. *PCP-Precipitated Psychotic Episodes* can follow single-dose administration of PCP and can last a month or longer. They can occur even after one use of PCP, and probably involve the triggering of an underlying psychological condition. The symptoms are like those of schizophrenia, with paranoid features and

thought-disorder of varying intensity.

4. *PCP-Induced Depression* may follow any of the other three stages and can last from one day to several months. Usually, this is a result of chronic PCP abuse; it appears to be a physically based cerebral dysfunction, manifesting a depression that can lead to suicide attempts, the abuse of other drugs in attempts to self-medicate the depression, and the resumption of PCP use.³

One of the greatest concerns with PCP abuse is the violent reaction that involves irrational and destructive behavior. Bizarre violent reactions to the drug have occurred with some individuals, and although these have been overemphasized in the media, they are among the adverse effects of PCP.

Being a dissociative anesthetic, PCP renders a user's body completely insensible to pain during the period of intoxication. This has special dangers, since people in this state are likely to burn or bruise themselves badly by accident, or even break bones in their feet or hands, without being aware of the pain until the drug wears off. By that time, infection may have set in, or the broken bones may have become compound fractures, causing extensive internal damage and bleeding.

The "flashback" phenomenon with PCP is also a very real hazard. Days or even weeks after the dose wears off, with no warning, the user may suddenly develop all the symptoms of acute PCP intoxication for an hour or so. This appears to be due to the

drug's very slow rate of elimination from the body, which causes it to recirculate periodically through the bloodstream for days or weeks after ingestion. Since PCP is highly attracted to acidic fluids, it can periodically reenter the user's acidic spinal fluid, reenter the brain and cause another PCP trip.

FIRST-AID PLUS

Unconscious users need to be taken to a drug or poison control center, or an emergency room, for stabilization of respiratory and cardiovascular systems and to deal with possible convulsions. Conscious users may still need medical intervention, especially if they may harm themselves or others. Reduction of external stimulation can help. Vitamin C or cranberry juice can be used to help eliminate PCP through acidification of urine and enhanced excretion.

Patients should be warned that dangerous consequences such as severe depression can occur with the combining of tricyclic antidepressants (Elavil, Triavil) and PCP, alcohol or other psychoactive drugs. This depression is associated with impaired memory which gradually recovers with time and abstinence from PCP.

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HIGH TIMES

DENNIS HOPPER

With his first directorial effort in over a decade, America's original easy rider roars out of Hollywood's doghouse and onto the big screen. by Mike Wilmington



The years since 1969 have been no easy ride for Dennis Hopper. The onetime hang-tough buddy of the late James Dean, the outlaw-chopper-hippie-coke-score icon of the late '60s (gunning his Harley through a haze of acid rock), suddenly found himself branded the avatar of cinematic bad-assery in the early '70s, when the front office refused to give his next movie (*The Last Movie*—almost a fitting title) a decent release, later chopping it up for late-night television dog food. The Hopper rep became graven in plastic. *Mr. Self-Destruction*, blowing the studio's hard-earned bucks out the window, down the toilet and up his nose—while prudent, frugal executives wrung their hands (and Hopper's neck) in horror. . . . And the iron door clanged shut for the rest of the "Me" decade.

It was a bizarre fate for a man who'd earned, with his first two directorial efforts, a special award at Cannes (for *Easy Rider*) and the Grand Prize at Venice (for *The Last Movie*)—an unprecedented coup for an American. But then, no one ever accused the American movie industry of an oversupply of rationality, intelligence, taste, decency—or even common sense. More pertinent, it seems peculiar—whatever happened to *The Last Movie*, which Hopper now owns—that a director-writer-star who can bring in over 40 million on an investment of less than \$500,000, is ignored while hack after flack racks up one mild flop or fringe-hit after another with no loss of favor.

But in 1980 Hopper the director (he'd weathered the '70s as an actor for Coppola, Wim Wenders and others) suddenly got his break again. A low-budget Canadian tax-shelter TV movie, in which he had a lead, was about to be scrubbed by the producer. Hopper leaped into the breach on a day's notice, rewrote the script and—probably with the eagerness of a drowning man grabbing wreckage and heading it toward shore—took the helm on his third movie. The result, *Out of the Blue*—a hit in Europe, now in sporadic release in the United States—is a real surprise. well

Discovery Films

crafted, stylish, lean and mean, a "B" movie in the classic sense—that should quash forever the old raps of self-indulgence or "unprofessionalism." Only a solid pro could pull the strings together like this on such short notice: only a director with a touch of genius could have turned it into the searing song of evil and death it sometimes becomes.

Out of the Blue (the title comes from Neil Young's "Hey-Hey, My My...," used as a credit song and leitmotiv) is a working-class teenage girl's transit through hell and into the black. As Cindy (or CeBe or "Gorgeous"), the magnetic Linda Manz (the narrator-urchin in Terry Malick's great *Days of Heaven*) is a spiny-tough, tormented wanderer—journeying through mild delinquency, punk rock, the smack-addiction of her mother and the psychopathology of her father (just out of the slammer after six years for the manslaughter of a whole school bus full of children) to a dark, terminal, devastating nada of a climax. Made on the fly, under tremendous pressure, Out of the Blue is, technically, his best movie. It always hooks you, and sometimes it scars you with the incongruously beautiful (a flight of gulls in a garbage dump wheeling like white wind swept scraps of satin) or the shockingly violent (the dynamite ending). Out of the Blue may be Hopper's most nihilistic, seemingly hopeless film—the children of the Easy Rider generation taken to a completely blank dead-end—but it has energy and cruel beauty, a weird optimism all its own.

I interviewed Hopper in a Central Park South hotel suite that seemed bland and beige and plush. I was late, and Hopper though friendly and considerate (he kept me an hour past my allotted time, all through the next scheduled interview and beyond) was giving off vibes. Not bad vibes, necessarily. Nor good ones, either. Just vibes, shivering and trembling the air around him. Hopper is smaller than you'd guess (like Bogart or Cagney, like Jack Nicholson). He has a face that—in his angrier moments, the intense ones—can be as gray and hard as a dulled ax blade, with eyes

like chips of sky. In the non-angry ones (he has a beatific smile, a great roaring hiccup of a laugh, and, when I finally left, he gave me a bear hug), he looks different, oddly delicate, with a cachet of the Midwest—hay, crackling cornstalks, high octane—hovering over his head like a Kansas halo. He has, as they say, presence. An actor's presence, of course—but also the presence of someone who's been stepped on once too often, whose generosity and patience have been bled by too many pricks. Who can explode—in the middle of our talk he gave a pre-arranged radio interview to Roberta Altman of WYNY. Something in her questions, or maybe just the on-the-air lacquer of her voice, seemed to irritate him, and he began to wither her with jibes and cracks. At a loss, she wrapped up—off mike—with, "Well, I appreciate your honesty," and he reflexively snapped, "I appreciate your corruption."

You sense that Hopper, however well he knows or plays "the game," always has that temptation to slip into a little hipster jive or madness. He was edgy and vulnerable and real (when he choked up for a minute recalling James Dean, there wasn't a shred of sham or "effect")—and I liked him a lot.

Also in the room were Hopper's ladyfriend and one of the publicists, and Terry Southern. The madcap scribe of *Candy* and *Dr. Strangelove* and *The Magic Christian* (and even part of *Easy Rider*) proved to be an amiable, shaggy, ample Texan—practically stuck in a late hippie time warp—and he kept hopping into the interview, something I was happy to let him do.

The transcript begins with Hopper's ruminations on the deaths of some of his fellow Rebel Without a Cause alumni, and it ends oddly, when the tape suddenly runs out. Almost like Hopper's movie career or his vision of America: a work in progress, splintered, fractured—a shattered mirror on a roaring motorcycle, with sunset reddening the highway...

DENNIS HOPPER. I was in Germany when I heard about

Natalie's death. I got a call from somebody in Palm Beach, Florida—some news reporter: "Do you think there's any connection between all these people dying mysteriously—like Sai Mineo and Dean—now Natalie? Do you think there's a plot to kill all these people?" And I said, "No," I didn't think there was. But, anyway, I'm not the last survivor. There's also Frank Mazzola—Crunch—and Corey Allen—Buzz Gunderson.

So, it was foggy and Natalie was on the edge of the beach. Then it came out—in the papers—that she couldn't swim. Well, she swam very well.

HIGH TIMES: They said she had a terror of water—

HOPPER: That's a bunch of bullshit! We used to swim together all the fuckin' time. Also, she had a scratch on the side of her face, and they said she fell and knocked herself out. Well, you know, it's pretty hard to knock somebody out in the water.

Anyway, besides that, she had one glass of water, and there were no barbiturates or anything found in her stomach. She hadn't taken pills, she wasn't drunk. Anyway, she's dead. Nick Adams was definitely offed. He was done with that stuff. I was going to say "antifreeze"—whatever it is they give you to make you stop drinking. Anyway, he was given an enema of this stuff. That's how he got it. And he didn't even drink. That's pretty strange. And then Mineo. There are some strange connections, but there's no connection overall, really.

Anyway, *Rebel* is a great movie.

HIGH TIMES: I understand there's a weird story behind *Out of the Blue*.

HOPPER: I'd been there for two weeks. The man who was executive producer was Paul Lewis, who was my production manager on *Easy Rider*, and the producer on *The Last Movie*. I went to Canada to play the father—and waited for two weeks to work. Paul Lewis kept coming to me and saying, "You gotta come and

see the rushes because there's nothing usable. This guy doesn't know how to direct." And I said, "Let's not bother. I don't want to bug this guy." He said, "I'm telling you, it's not working. You should see the stuff. It's shit."

And I said, "No way until I work." I didn't go on the set and bother him. I stayed in my dressing room, got into my part, got high with Linda [Manz] and Sharon [Farrell]. And was really looking forward to working.

So, after two weeks, on a Friday night, Paul and I were out to dinner, and he said, "Can you come into the john for a minute here? I want to talk to you." So I went in the john. He said, "I'm closing the picture. Your money's in escrow in the United States. I'm closing it down because there's nothing usable. We've got two and a half hours of footage. There's nothing that can be used." So I said, "Wait a second. Let me look at it tomorrow." So the next day, I went through two and a half hours of footage. It was awful. I mean, it was like... [Hopper goes through a series of hammy, pantomime stage gestures to demonstrate the quality of the acting.] They made silent movies look real cool.

So anyway, I met with the accountants that put up the money—because it was a tax write-off trip, you know—and the director ended up with thirty percent of the picture and I ended up with five percent of the profits—which I'm never gonna see—but that doesn't matter 'cause I got to make a film.

I took over the movie Sunday. First I threw the screenplay away—almost entirely. We started shooting six o'clock Monday morning and reshot the whole picture. I shot four weeks and two days, and handed it in in six weeks on one movieola—which made a big difference to me, because like, you know, in *Easy Rider*, with thirty-two hours of film, I'd never been able to see rushes because we were on the road—and it took me a year and a half to edit—Nicholson and

Jaglom and Bob Rafelson came in and cut the restaurant sequence, which I had twenty minutes longer. And I came back from Peru on *The Last Movie* where I also didn't see any rushes—and I edited two years on *The Last Movie*. So the whole thing was Hopper can't edit.

Well, this time, I saw my rushes and I had an editor there—her name was Doris Dyck. D-Y-C-K. So, when I came out having shot forty hours of film, I already had a three and a half hour rough cut. We had only one movieola—'cause we couldn't get parts for the second movieola—and six weeks later we had a movie, which is the movie you're lookin' at now.

I think it's my best film. I mean, best film technically that's for sure.

HIGH TIMES: If people are going to complain about it and I imagine they will—they're probably going to complain about the content, rather than the style.

HOPPER: Content, right? Well, I was stuck with the content!

The original thing was Raymond Burr—Raymond Burr narrates the whole thing as the psychiatrist. This is *The Case of Cindy Barnes*. The story of her father—and how I, Raymond Burr, saved her and her mother from this terrible man. After she kills her father he saves her—and so on and they live happily ever after; he takes care of it with the officials, and everything's cool.

First of all, narration's not my bag. I mean, I think if any body's going to use narration they ought to rethink some thing. I direct-cut [snaps his fingers]. I don't say, "Let's go to black, let's fade out, let's superimpose, let's do all that shit. Like, you know—you want to make a movie?" Direct-cut or fuck off! I mean, you know, get down.

Also, it started like they're all in a diner, and they hear over the radio that Elvis is dead. And the two women go hysterical, go crazy. And I think, "Shit, man, I think I'm a really fine director of actors but I don't know if I can pull this one off!"

I changed it to Elvis dying

"Dean was the greatest... For a guy who started out imitating Brando, he ended up a fuckin' king."



a little bit before this. Then I found out—after smoking a few joints with Linda—that she played a little guitar and some drums. I said, "Put some drums and a guitar in her room." I saw some things on Linda's wall, like the punk rock groups—Pointed Sticks, D.O.A., Dishrags—and I said, "What are these?" She said, "Those are punk groups." I said, "Well, that's what she'd be. She's be trying to be a musician, trying to get out of all this shit." And then I made the mother into a junkie.

Then Raymond Burr came in. He caused. I got all the actors struck against me because Raymond Burr was a Canadian—but he'd given up his Canadian citizenship for U.S. citizenship, so I was over my quota of how many actors I could have from the United States versus Canada. But the tax people, the backers wouldn't give up Raymond Burr—because he does all these bank commercials, commercials in Canada. He screwed me up with the Canadian Actors' Guild and they struck against the picture. I had people picketing throughout the four weeks, so I wasn't allowed to use any professional actors in the film. Everybody besides Don Gordon, Sharon Farrell, Linda, myself, and Raymond

Burr—were all people that had never acted before.

This happened like, my second day of shooting. Then Burr came in the second day, not knowing I'd cut his part down to only two scenes—and he didn't like his part in the script the way it was. I said, "Okay, Raymond, rewrite anyway you want. So I spent three days—he got fifty thousand dollars—and I shot a whole movie about Raymond Burr, a 'Raymond Burr Saves Cindy Barnes' movie. I mean, there was a whole movie there in the outtakes. And I shot all these scenes of him finding her in the city and saving her and, like, going to the school, and talking to her mom, and like, this whole fuckin' thing, man. I shot it all, knowing I was only going to use two scenes."

HIGH TIMES: Could that extra stuff be cut into a coherent movie?

HOPPER: Oh, sure, yeah. It could be shown on late late night television! Anyway, that's the story—

HIGH TIMES: Was Raymond Burr irritated that he only wound up in two scenes?

HOPPER: I don't know. I don't think he's ever seen the film. There was like—there was some trip. He thought he could get eighteen million dollars to do the life of

Genghis Khan or something—I don't know—and he wanted Paul and I to do it. He had this island we could shoot it on out in the Pacific somewhere.

HIGH TIMES: Maybe like that last Genghis Khan movie with John Wayne, *The Conqueror*?

HOPPER: Yeah, it could be even worse! So, like anyway, he left and said in a Toronto newspaper that working with Dennis Hopper was one of the worst experiences he'd ever had.

HIGH TIMES: So the changes you wound up making, not counting Raymond Burr?

HOPPER: The girl wasn't a punk-rocker, and the mother wasn't a junkie. And I decided to kill 'em all! I said,

"Fuck, why is it always dad's fault?" I let the girl take 'em all out. You know, I heard Neil's song, "Hey hey my-my, rock n' roll will never die."

The king is dead. Elvis. The king is dead, but not forgotten. "But this is the story of Johnny Fuckin' Rotten, right?" "It's better to burn out than to fade away." "Dynamite! So, dynamite it was—dynamite in the car with mom. She kills dad. She kills mom and herself. That takes care of the whole family. It doesn't have to go any farther. It's a nice ending."

TERRY SOUTHERN: [Jumping into the conversation with the *élan* of *Guy Grand*] A downbeat ending?

HOPPER: Up in smoke! This is no slow Antonioni with my ex-wife walking away from the house watching an icebox blow up in slow motion. This is a bam-wham zappo zappo!

SOUTHERN: A toe-tapper?

HOPPER: Biffo box office, not necessarily.

HIGH TIMES: I took my girlfriend to the screening and she was grossed out by the ending. She suggested that the last ten minutes. No, I won't say it.

HOPPER: No, no. Go ahead. Say it.

HIGH TIMES: She thought you needed analysis.

HOPPER: She's right! Very intelligent woman!

HIGH TIMES: Maybe it's because the family is sort of likable, and then death and destruction just come out of

the blue—

HOPPER: Out of the blue and into the black!

HIGH TIMES: Are you worried that audiences will look for some motivation for all this negation?

HOPPER: [Laughs uproariously] Since I only had *Sunday* to think this over, well, I mean, *God sent it into the fire!* I just said, "Paul, get me through the first week. I just tried to use as much as possible of what people thought they were going to be doing. It was fast. And furious."

I wasn't clear on some things myself. Like when I come in and say to Linda, "Do you remember sucking your thumb?" and she stabs and kills me—I don't know whether they ever had incest or not. It's suggested, in the first script, that they did. I think if he had balled her or she'd given him a blow job or he'd given her head or smelled her panties or what ever—it's not clear. I ask about sucking her thumb and she says, "Do you want a hit?" and then she stands over me and says: "Whatever happened to cotton candy daddy?"

SOUTHERN: So, they did make it. Or is that ambiguous?

HOPPER: That's as much as we know. Whether he ever sat in a corner and jerked off while she sucked her thumb. He's been in prison five years, so all this happened five years before—
SOUTHERN: But what's she so salted about if they didn't make it?

HOPPER: *Something's* happened, but it's not clear what. That's all I'm saying.

SOUTHERN: I like to think that they *did* make it.

HOPPER: Well, when you see it, you'll see how it's suggested.

I didn't want to blame it on anybody. I didn't want to say it's the father's fault, or the mother's fault. I feel—and like, I'm justifying because I have to—the girl had no hope. There was no place for her to go, no place for her to run. No way out of her predicament. Things didn't get better when daddy got home. And like, you

know, she fuckin' *trashed* them. And herself. And that's a pretty desperate little thing.

I said it at the Cannes Film Festival and I'll say it again. Just the only way you can think about the movie is like a little bitty article on the third page, fourth page of every newspaper, every day, some where. A little article that says DAUGHTER STABS FATHER, DYNAMITES HERSELF AND MOTHER IN BACKYARD. And you go, "What the fuck is this?" And you go to the sports page. And there's never anything written about that little article again, you never see it again. You never relate to it. That's the kind of story it is. You open the paper, and there they are.

SOUTHERN: What does the safety pin through her cheek mean?

HOPPER: That's symbolic of the punk movement.

The thing is, at best, it's symbolic of the family structure breaking down—period.

The other thing is that the drug problem is not just a city problem anymore, it's all over the country. And the attitude of the family structure—society—is that it's up to a new generation: these conservative kids, man, if they're gonna pull that back together. So everybody could be radical, their kids could be radical again. And I assume that's just the way things go back and forth.

HIGH TIMES: One kind of family structure breaking down, another kind coming up. You get a little hint of this in the punk scenes in the movie—but even though it's not as vicious as the outside world—there's all this violence—

HOPPER: Yeah, but that's *much* more than real. I mean, the punk thing is more of an act than real violence or an acting-out of violence. I don't see the punk movement as a violent trip, any more than the hippie movement is a love movement.

SOUTHERN: What about the violence—that isn't symbolic? I mean, with their "slam dancing" you know, slam jump off the stage—It's incredible.

HOPPER: Yeah, but it's *stilt* symbolic—

SOUTHERN: They don't really have rumbles, do they?

HOPPER: They don't. Yeah, rumbles. Those were the chains and the pipes. Those were the good old days!

SOUTHERN: They don't have gang wars. They're never organized. They don't have rivalries?

HOPPER: They don't just say "Meet us under the bridge."

SOUTHERN: I don't think they ever break up into groups.

HOPPER: No, they don't have any clubs.

SOUTHERN: Rip Torn's daughter has a mohawk. And she's a beautiful blond girl, Angela.

HOPPER: [Laughs raucously] Boy, was he great in that movie.

SOUTHERN: *Heartland*?

HOPPER: No. Which one's the one where he knifes all the people in the subway?

SOUTHERN: Oh... *A Stranger Is Watching*.

HOPPER: Oh, man, that cat does he do some—He just *kills* 'em. I mean, he's cold, man, he's chilled. For a guy from Texas—you guys are both from Texas, man. You've come a long way. Now, Wim Wenders and I are going back to Texas. What is this? It's a crazy world—

HIGH TIMES: What's this about Texas?

HOPPER: Rip Torn and Terry Southern are both from Texas. We're just... We're remembering, we're flashing back to *Easy Rider*.

HIGH TIMES: How come they didn't involve you in *Easy Rider*: the sequel? Or did they? You're acting but not directing?

HOPPER: Yeah, there's always the possibility he could get somebody who *looks* like me.

SOUTHERN: One of the Bridges boys.

HOPPER: I may look too young to play next to Peter. He may get an older guy.

HIGH TIMES: Why did they choose a new director?

HOPPER: There's a class problem. There's a class difference between Schneider and Fonda and myself.

HIGH TIMES: I read somewhere that, before you cut *Easy Rider* all the way down

there were various versions of it: a four-hour version, an eight-hour version—

HOPPER: There was a two-hour-and-forty-minute version that I thought was better than 2001. The riding scenes were incredible. I mean, much more expanded. You saw *much* more of the country. And like Laszlo's camera work, and the way I cut it, and the way the music moved with it—It just had a movement that you know, like in 2001, how the space ship moves? I mean, I thought it was much better than that. As a matter of fact, I even wanted to put out a thing called *The Ride*. After the dramatic thing, put out a picture called *The Ride* from the outtakes. It could be a two-hour ride, you know, and people just go and dig the ride, and dig the music, and dig the flow of the camera and dig the country. And dig the guys on their bikes.

HIGH TIMES: Why didn't you do that?

HOPPER: It just got lost.
HIGH TIMES: Is the footage still in existence?

HOPPER: Yeah, yeah.

HIGH TIMES: Do you ever feel like going back and doing something with it? Or is it just—too far back in the past?

HOPPER: Right now, Terry and Michael O'Donoghue are scripting the sequel. We're going to use the beginning footage of the last scene. [To me] Why are you making those faces?

HIGH TIMES: It just amazes me that you're not directing the sequel. I can't figure it out. It seems crazy.

HOPPER: It seems crazy to me too. But like, you know something? I *wasn't* asked.

HIGH TIMES: Do they definitely have a director?

HOPPER: Michael O'Donoghue.

HIGH TIMES: But he's not a director.

HOPPER: Right. He was a producer of "Saturday Night Live" and a writer, and Schneider made a deal with him before Peter and I were contacted.

HIGH TIMES: There's something kind of Byzantine, almost crazy, about the way the movie industry is set up these

days—particularly the way films are distributed and financed.

HOPPER: There's a structure. Things are based on a tax structure which I don't understand. I can't even make out my own income tax. Like there's a saying: "Okay, you make a picture for a million dollars, you can't steal a million dollars."

When I made *Easy Rider*, I made it for 340,000 dollars. It grossed forty million. I made it with AFTRA, which is the television union—which is not IA, which is the movie industry's union... which is the Teamsters. Now, AFTRA can't be used to make movies, or they have to buy the seal from IA—to be shown by the projectionists who are IA projectionists, and the drivers who drive things to the theaters. And you have to have an actor for every driver... well, a driver for every actor; who cares which? Can you imagine what it would have cost if I had made that movie IA? Gone across the U.S. having to have a driver for every actor in the picture? For every piece of equipment?

So I made it with AFTRA. How did I get it distributed? Because Bert Schneider put up the money. His father was chairman of the board of Columbia Pictures. And so a seal was bought from IA—which is an under-the-table operation. And it's totally, union-wise, illegal... that all the major studios have an under-the-table deal with IA, when AFTRA should be allowed to make films too. But, they won't get distributed.

Also, your low-budget film is not doing them any favors. I was naive enough to believe that if I could make a film for 340,000 dollars, that would make forty million, that I was doing people a big favor. But I was only doing Bert Schneider, Peter Fonda, Jack and myself a favor. And they patted me on the back and said, "Hey, you're great." And like, then I made a film that won the Venice Film Festival [*The Last Movie*], which I didn't know whether it had any audience appeal or not—but it's an interesting movie.

HIGH TIMES: You don't know

whether it had appeal, because it didn't reach enough people.

HOPPER: Yeah, it didn't reach enough people... because Universal Pictures... This picture cost 1,200,000 dollars—which was in their tax range, because that was a low-budget film for them. You bring it in a hundred thousand under budget, you shoot it for seven weeks, man, and it takes you two years to edit it. And then you win the Venice Film Festival. And they think it may make fun of the movie business. They don't understand the film, they don't care whether it's art. The only good art, as far as they're concerned, is a dead artist. Then, it's good art. And you say, "Hey—you're dealing with a paranoid." And you try and fight four hundred lawyers in a big black building, you know? And you go on "Dick Cavett" and you say, "I came back. I won the Venice Film Festival. And Universal Pictures said they're gonna show it for two weeks in New York, two weeks in Los Angeles, three days in San Francisco—and they're gonna put it on the shelf unless I *redit* the film; unless I *kill* the guy at the end. Well, now hey, I know that if they put this into the theaters right now—into the art houses that we had in those days—it'll be five million dollars immediately because the Venice Film Festival winner makes five million dollars. What in the hell are they doing?"

HIGH TIMES: But—
HOPPER: I'm talking to the United States of America on the "Dick Cavett Show," not to you... Now, try this one on. They write off 1,800,000 dollars—but I only spent a million dollars. And they only spent a hundred fifty thousand on prints. And publicity. That's only a 1,250,000 dollars. And they write off 1,800,000 dollars.

Then, a year later, there was one thing that happened—They got confused in the game. They got caught, man, in the fuckin' game. But you see, I don't give a shit about playing games. I love to play games. Just tell me the fuckin' game, people! If there's a game. Hey, you know, what am I? Am I the fuckin' coyote out-

side man? And all the fuckin' dogs can go in and hang their assholes on different pegs, man, and I'm the coyote outside? Well, then, I've got to change all the pegs of the dogs' assholes, man! And that's why dogs go around today smelling each other's assholes: because coyotes changed their assholes around.

Okay, big joke. Sounds good, right? Doesn't work. The thing is, a year later, they call—the vice-president calls—and says, "Listen, you know the outtakes that you have? What do you think about owning fifty percent of a television show, huh? Let us cut it, right? We make a TV show, you own fifty percent of it." And I said, "Fuck you." They said, "No, no. Think about it. Think about it." I said, "Fuck you, man." He said, "I'm calling you back tomorrow."

Anyway, I got drunk that night, man, I had a bottle of scotch, I sat alone in my house—and you know what I'll ask for, man? I'll ask for the negative. I'll ask for my cut of the film. I'll ask for all the prints they made of it! Yeah? And I'll let them use the outtakes, but I get the outtakes back. They can make their show, and it can't be called *The Last Movie*. [Later it would be called *Chunchurro*.] Well, those are impossible things to ask for, man. I said this to the vice-president when he called the next day and he said, "I think that can be arranged, have your lawyers call—" That quickly. That was all the conversation there was. I said, "What?" They're giving me what? The whole picture? This amazed me, so I had the lawyers call and I said, "I don't understand why they're doing this." And the lawyers said, "It's very simple. They're selling the outtakes from their movie division to their television division—for a million dollars." So, now—without ever having distributed the film—they've made two million dollars.

And I never saw a penny. They put this thing—*Chunchurro*—out at three in the morning in Las Vegas, Nevada, wherever. It's not "A film by Dennis Hopper"—but it's got to be *starring*

Dennis Hopper. I'd like to see the fuckin' thing. See what the fuck they did with it—
HIGH TIMES: Or if they changed it at all.

HOPPER: Anyway, that's the story of how to make money. And like, you see, they can do that with anybody, anytime.

Let's say nine out of ten films fail, in Hollywood terms, right? So, we gotta make more money. We've got one-in-ten odds here. All right. So, maybe I don't ever want to see your fuckin' picture anymore. I've got you covered, man! I make money whether your picture is ever seen or not! I'm gonna make money off you, that's all. There's no fuckin' way I can lose. There's no way I can lose at all. I show your picture, token, show it here and there. That's all, and that's the end of it, and that's the way it works, and that's the way it'll always work—and that's called monopoly!!! It's called monopoly and it's been broken before... And they broke it—And they made one of the biggest fuckin' mistakes in the world: they should have left the theaters with the studios. They broke what monopoly? If it's monopoly—then fuck it, man. Television and movies should be separate, man. And the record business. Should all be separate.
HIGH TIMES: That's one thing—

HOPPER: Because that's monopoly—if I understand capitalism at all. That's monopoly and monopoly should be busted flat in *Baton Rouge* and headed for the train.
HIGH TIMES: So, whatever happens to *Out of the Blue* is small change on the horizon of—

HOPPER: Listen, *Out of the Blue* is just a film. And I'm just an artist.

HIGH TIMES: I've gotta come back to Jimmy Dean. You were his close friend. Could you talk about him—any way you'd like?

HOPPER: I think he was the greatest actor I've ever seen.

HIGH TIMES: Ever seen, period?

HOPPER: Period. No question about it. The greatest actor I've ever seen. For a guy who started out imitating Brando—He ended up a fuckin' king.

HIGH TIMES: Why do you think he's lasted so long, has the same impact thirty years later?

HOPPER: [At this point, Hopper—obviously struggling with the question and his memories—paused and stared into the distance for almost two minutes. Tears were visibly welling up in his eyes, and when he finally spoke, it was in a husky whisper.] There was no other actor first of all, in film... that's ever even attempted to do what he did. Because he didn't just work internally, from emotion-memory—which he did—but he used his body in an expressionistic way that... There just aren't actors that can do it like that. Marching off the land in *Giant*, lifting himself up on the water derrick to look at his land the first time, the gestures... laughing; being tickled, when the guys are searching him when he's drunk in the jail, the siren noise, and the invention. All that shit was his. That wasn't written in any fucking script. He just looked at the lines and threw the script away. He got the gist of the scene and went for it. He didn't fuck around.

But, I mean, the things he did in *Giant*, it's just fuckin' incredible. The whole film was so. There's a scene where he—and he forced Stevens to let him do this shot, man—there's a scene where he cranks up a car, to start this fuckin' car, man; and it took him twenty-seven fuckin' tries. And he'd get a little *ch-ch-ch*—and it'd fuckin' die, and he'd go on. And Stevens said,

"What the fuck are you doing out there?" And he said, "You wanna cut it shorter, you can cut it shorter; you wanna not use it all. But I'm going to do it, and we're going to shoot it." He was a serious man, a serious man.

And, like, you know something? Like, one day... he was doing this old man, and it took him all day to get the fuckin' makeup on—and you gotta remember, he died at twenty-four years old—and so he got ready for this fuckin' scene, and like, they didn't do it. And so the next day he didn't show up. They were

"There's a saying:
You make a picture for a
million dollars, you can't steal
a million dollars."



Discovery Films

fuckin' crazy, they were fuckin' nuts. They didn't know where he was. He came in at five o'clock Monday morning—and this was the most expensive movie, at that time, ever made—it was one of the biggest-grossing movies for a long time, too—but they took him into the office, Stevens took him into Jack Warner's office—Harry Warner's, maybe. He just put his feet up on the desk and they said, "You can't do this; you can't miss a day. Do you know what you cost us, man?" We worked Saturdays, so we only had one day off a week. "And you cost us da-da-da da and the whole production's gonna—" And he just listened, man, with his feet up on the table, calmly, with his hat pulled down. [Gives an imitation of James Dean as *Giant*'s "Jett Rink."] He listened to them. He said, "Well, boys," when they finished—he was into his part then. Yeah, he was into his part. And he said, "Look. I'm going to tell you something: I'm not a fuckin' machine. I'm not a fuckin' machine that you can turn on and off. I'm not mechanical. I'm like a sequoia tree—" He said, "Every day that I come here to work, I may have stayed up all night preparing for this scene; I may be in this

condition. I expect to work at that moment, at that time. Not on your time, but *that* time—because that's when I'll be ready. Now, if it changes an hour this way, or an hour that way—that's fine. Any longer... and it'll be two days the next time and four days the time after that!" And he just took a fuckin' hike. Put his makeup on. From then on they were ready, every time, within an hour. Incredible.

It was incredible to watch him work. He was really a genius. And what you see of him on the screen... I mean, whoever bought *Giant*, man? There's a fuckin' gold mine in the fuckin' outtakes, man. Whoever those people are, man, tell 'em that I know where there's some scenes in that fuckin' movie—they should put out just a fuckin' film of Dean.

Wim Wenders told me last night that they put out the same version of *Giant* and it's twenty minutes longer. And you can tell where the cuts come in, you can tell where the film's changed. I asked if they put more of Dean in. He said, "No, they put in more of Rock Hudson." Fuck puttin' Rock Hudson back in!

The point is, if they put *anything* in, then they should take the fuckin' scenes... Okay, there's a scene in the movie

where he comes in and Mercedes McCambridge is dying—is dead and he's outside and he's drinking, and he's got his rope. [Hopper rises from his chair and proceeds into an uncanny imitation, playing all the roles, of the scene in *Giant* where Jett Rink is informed of his inherited land, the "Little Reata."]... And then man, when he leaves, they cut from him at the door going... He flips the rope and does this little slide of the hand. And closes the door. But, in between there, man, he goes and says goodbye to every one of those motherfuckers. He doesn't say anything to them, he just gets up and starts fuckin' realizing that he is one motherfucker, man! And when he leaves, he's out there marching on the land, and he knows there's fuckin' oil! It's incredible! If those things could be put back together just to show that whole fud kind of behavior.

I mean, they could put out a whole thing of it—Things like cranking up the car, like the oil-well sequence, things scenes that are just so... that he filled out in such a way man. It's incredible! And they were really well balanced, he wasn't a fool. There were scenes that he would move right along... And then there were times that he'd crank up the car twenty-seven times. That's fuckin' funny, man! I mean, it's funny, you look at that shit! And the brilliance of the scene that I tried to describe to you—it was just... man, it was just so fuckin' wonderful!

But, what he was: he was an expressionist. He expressed things with his body, and you'd never seen acting like that. I mean, it's not silent-picture acting. But it's like the way he'd pick up a glass... move his hand... mark off the land... raise himself up on the windmill... That's heavy. That's heavy. Because there's no other actor that does it. Brando didn't do it. Clift didn't do it. You've gotta remember that he died before *Rebel Without a Cause* came out. Very few people ever remember that fuckin' James Dean was dead before... □

[The tape ends]

"R"'s FIFTH ANNUAL CONNOISSEUR AWARDS

The Cough Heard Round the World—that's what dopers are calling it. "R"'s choice for 1983 Pot of the Year has got the growers restless and caused more heads to turn than you can shake a Thai stick at.

Did you see how badly produced the Oscars were this year? Truly shabby chaos. By contrast, the "Herbies" ceremony—now entering its sixth year as an internationally respected institution whose recognition is coveted by all true improvers of the weed-breed—reached new heights of elegance and drama. Topping even the 1979 Herbie spectacular inside the crater of a still-warm Hawaiian volcano, this year's Herbie awards took over an entire Caribbean island country for the celebration. Okay, it wasn't a really large country, but it does have U.N. representation, one vote in the General Assembly and an economy based for five centuries on smuggling of one kind or another.

Diplomatic discretion forbids "R" from revealing the exact name of this proud nation or detailing the many delightful courtesies extended toward your Connoisseur by the grateful citizenry and their husbands during the week of festivities preceding the awards. But nothing could top the actual excitement of the awards themselves. Especially the astonishing runaway sweep by that total newcomer to the American ganja experience—winner of not only the "Foreign Hawaiian" Herbie for "Best High of the Year," but winner of *every single other category* in the "foreign-awards" field. A sweep that surpassed even the famous West Virginia Panamanian sweep of the "Domestic Awards" two years ago. Talk about a blowout! Talk about a volcanic eruption. The shaken scions of the great growing families of every continent were stunned when this total newcomer left their supreme offerings bereft of a single Herbie. Outrage grew to shock, when in the spotlights of the huge soccer stadium, "R" announced an unprecedented award for *lifetime achievement*—to Philippine ganja, *even though it had only been around for just one year*.

Needless to say, a development of this nature requires some explanation, both to angry partisans of the losers, and for those hundreds of thousands who probably have yet to taste their first "Filipino Fino"—or "Thrilla from Manila," as I've decided to name it. And so the Connoisseur awards this year will be divided into two separate parts. Next month I will reveal the results of the extremely heated race for domestic sinsemillas. But now, probably the best way of recapturing the excitement of that amazing moment in Herbie-award history, I'm going to reprint excerpts from an exclusive taped interview with "R" at the postdawn party that followed the all-night awards bash. The Connoisseur was exhausted and not a little red-eyed, but the consensus of the party crowd who had been amply refreshed by deep lungfuls of Manila Gorilla was that "Mr. Ei Exigente—he score righteous again.

The interview was done by a brilliant young reporter for the _____town *Daily Harvester* who told me she'd read my column while in journalism school in the States, and admired its combination of investigative content and Twain-like folktale parodic shrewdness.

I complimented her on her perceptiveness, and perhaps a little unwisely gave her an exclusive on the inside story of the Filipino coup this year. What the hell. *Res ipse loquitur*.

Danielle [of the *Daily Harvester*]: Hey, mon, the brudders they be gatherin' outside the hotel, talking 'bout where "R" at with this "Lifetime Award" for this Filipino shit if he only smoke it last year.

"R" [the Connoisseur of HIGH TIMES]: If they only knew the truth—I only smoked this for the first time for one week before the awards.

Danielle: One week! How could you give a Lifetime Achievement award to

something after one week?

"R": Well, Danielle. You know how sometimes something, someone, an experience, an encounter, strikes you with such force, you feel so passionate about it you want to immortalize it. When, for example, a man knows a woman for but a week, say, and yet he finds a certain something has *happened* between them—who knows, he might even run off and get married to her right away—that would be like saying that being with that person, she, well, *deserves* a lifetime-achievement award for what she, ah, did, in that one week. Does that make sense?

Danielle: I hear you. You want to marry this weed.

"R": This Filipino Fino, this Manila Gorilla, or maybe I should say this Thrilla from Manila, I mean I knew after just half an hour that all bets were off on the other nominees.

Danielle: Who were the nominees? I mean, just for the record—and besides, a lot of people comin' from Hawaii, Thailand, all the way to our little island aren't gonna be pleased if they don't at least get a mention.

"R": Ah, yes. The nominees. Well, there was a Colombian entry this year.

Danielle: Colombian! I thought only chumps smoked lumbo.

"R": Well, it's true that lumbo has sunk so low that even loose-joint dealers refuse to carry the stuff. But this year there were occasional loose ounces of Colombian that offered a little of the thrill of the Colombian golden age of the mid-'70s. Just a taste now and then, but something uniquely Colombian, not merely uniquely stale. Worth the recognition and encouragement of a Herbie nomination.

Danielle: Did Jamaican make it to the finalists?

"R": Jamaican could have been a contender. But it's so scarce, the real thing, it's sad. Every once in a while a chunk

Thilla From Manila

of real lambs bread will drift in like a message in a bottle, echoes of some past glory

Danielle: The big problem down here in the islands is the *false* lamb's bread. 'Bout three times a day some dude will be tryin' to sell me some dirtweed he says is from Bob Marley's private stash. Is that sick or is that sick?

"R": It's like the false Buddha sticks you have to contend with when you try to get some Thai in the States.

Danielle: Is that why Thai didn't get a nomination? I noticed that Thai general and his bodyguards weren't be going back to Bangkok with smiles on their faces.

"R": Well, Danielle, when you're talking about Thai these days with the Connoisseur, you're talking about the members of a great love affair. The passion, the heat, the *inevitability* of it all—they seem so strange and distant now. Especially when you're smoking the Thai of today. It's powerful but it's *boring*—It's powerfully boring. Not as boring as some domestic California indicas have become—I'm thinking of headlining my Domestic Awards commentary with an attack on the California indica high—now just another dumb California cult. But Thai these days is not merely boring, it's *tragically* boring, because of the depth of its fall from greatness, because every time you get a Thai-high you can only think of what's *missing*, that special majestic Buddha-stick magic that allowed you to experience all the glories of creation firsthand—if you know what I mean, Danielle.

Danielle: What is this we're smoking now, "R"? It doesn't taste like the Thrilla from Manila. But it's very nice.

"R": What we're smoking now is the grass that would have been the winner if it hadn't been for the Filipino. In fact, this is one of the only other grasses in the world I'd smoke with someone who...well, it's a very special, tender kind of high, subtle at first, but luminous, warm and thrilling at the same time; so exquisite that—

Danielle: Uh, "R," remember this is an interview for a public newspaper, I don't think that...uh, where *does* this stuff come from anyway?

"R": It's Hawaiian.

Danielle: I haven't had Hawaiian this good in a long time.

"R": Nobody has. Except the people who live in Hawaii, and most of them never get to taste anything this good.

Danielle: Why's that?

"R": Most people who think they're buying Hawaiian these days are either buying false Hawaiian grown in Cali-

fornia or Florida or Oshkosh, or they're buying Hawaiian *merch*—that mass-produced commercial-grade stuff that's no different from the most boring stateside sinse.

Danielle: All this false Hawaiian, false Buddha, this false lamb's bread. It's so, so *disturbing* all these false things, these false values. We are so fortunate to have someone who can make these distinctions, show us the true. It is so vital, so urgent there be such a man.

"R": I couldn't agree with you more there, Danielle. I see myself as a kind of investigative reporter whose beat is the realm of consciousness. It's my job to expose the Watergates of the weed-world as well as celebrate its consciousness-expansion achievements.

Danielle: Speaking of celebrations—you promised to tell me about how you threw out all your plans for the Herbies one week ahead of time.

"R": Right. What a moment. There I was, trudging down the streets of the city, bored and depressed. Had a party to go to but nothing to put me into a party spirit. Then I run into this friend of mine. Now this guy's kind of a leading theorist on the new-wave/new-music scene, a very influential writer who's now producing his own *avant* punk music. More to the point—he's one of the few people in the city whose judgment I trust on the subject of smoking. I notice he's got a kind of mischievous glint in his eye when we meet.

"Still smoking grass?" he asked me, kind of deadpan.

"I'm almost ready to give it up," I said. "These indicas everybody has are so dull."

"I just refuse to smoke sinsemilla," he said.

Well, what do you smoke?" I asked.

"Well, lately," he said, "I have run into something you might find amusing," he told me in a mischievous laconic tone. "Filipino," he says. "First time I've ever seen it, but it reminds me of what it was like to actually get high."

Ten minutes later we were at his place and he was opening the nine-by-twelve folders I came to recall reverently as "The Manila Envelopes."

"There are two kinds," he said, removing some long golden brown spears from the folder. "There's a sinsemilla and there's a seeded," he said, and he handed me a spear of gold.

"This is beautifully trimmed sinsemilla," I said.

"No," he said, "that's not the sinse. That's the *seeded*. 'Course, there are not many seeds even in the seeded. I kind

of prefer it. The other stuff is too strong, too hallucinogenic."

I tried the seeded out that night. At a party. Although I don't remember exactly what happened, there was copious dancing involved. I remember in particular one song that was played over and over at the party. You know "Der Commissar"?

Danielle: [Singing] "Don't turn around uh-oh, Der Commissar in town uh-oh."

Sure, we get the MTV video down here on satellite dish. I'll bet I know why you liked that so much, "R."

"R": Why is that, Danielle?

Danielle: 'Cause in your head you be hearing, "Der Connoisseur." That's your fantasy "Der Connoisseur in town uh-oh."

"R": Well, it's true I guess. My great hero was El Exigente in the coffee commercials. A man of flawless taste and great integrity.

Danielle: But wait a minute, Der Connoisseur hasn't told us much about this Filipino grass. I mean, what was it like, what would you compare it to for the benefit of people who haven't had it?

"R": Well, the closest thing, both in appearance and high, would be Mount St. Helens volcanic grass. There was this batch that was grown on still-warm volcanic soil from right after Mount St. Helens blew up. Trucked down to Mexico for ideal soil and climate. God, that was *explosive* grass. Looked like this Filipino too—golden scimitars of densely packed bud. Almost *too* explosive. Dangerous.

This Filipino stuff had that edge of danger, that thrill of close-to-the-limit excitement, but there was more warmth to it, more sweetness, the kind of joyous exhilaration you feel from the first few moments of falling in love. There is a sense of danger in anything so breathtakingly powerful, a sense of something enormously important at risk, but a sense of wonder and awe at the generosity of a universe that could generate anyone so enchantingly, devastatingly beautiful.

Danielle: I catch your drift, "R," but why are you so hot for the *danger* of it?

"R": Well, I think that grass itself is dangerous because it's become so *safe*. I'm not saying that some of your state-of-the-art sinsemillas aren't strong. But they're too safe. They're too comfortable. They're mellow-out-self-paralysis grass. Not the Bob Marley Get-Up-Stand-Up kind of energetic high. People don't smoke anymore because they want to change their lives—They smoke to *insulate* their lives, and the grass they smoke has become like smokable Valium.

Danielle: And this Filipino is different?

"R": I'll tell you why it was so important to Der Connoisseur. Symbolically aside from its intrinsic worth. Before the Thrilla from Manila, I thought I might have been suffering from an illusion when I'd tell people how boring contemporary cannabis was, how it didn't really get you high in an interesting way. People would say to me, "What are you talkin' about? Taste some of this dynamite Humboldt County purple skunk weed."

And I'd taste it and it'd smell strong. And it'd taste sweet. And after choking it down I'd find my heartbeat go faster and my breathing deepen dramatically. A strong bodily response. Something was definitely happening. It was a strong effect. *But I wasn't getting high.* Not in the way the exciting, interesting, thrilling cerebral way I used to. After a while, I wondered if I'd ever *really* gotten as high as I remembered it. Was Santa Marta gold *that* good? Maybe it was all an illusion. Just as with love. Only when you're actually *in* love can you remember how great being in love is. Until fate brings you to that person and the two of you, well, you know—

Danielle: But, "R," let's get back to the subject here. You know the *Daily Harvester* is a family newspaper, and I have to maintain my professional objectivity as a reporter. So let's get some more analysis from you about why this Filipino stuff is so special.

"R": Absolutely. I've put a lot of thought into it and I have a theory. Certainly one factor is the intense volcanic activity that characterizes the Philippines. Like Hawaii, they're a tropical volcanic chain of islands in the middle of the Pacific. Both Hawaii and the Philippines were American colonies, and they both went their separate ways—the Philippines to independence, and Hawaii to relative domesticity and perhaps there's a reflection of the still untamed wildness of the place. And then there's the question of exactly who grew it. The mysterious "White Planter" of the Stone Age islands.

Danielle: Who?

"R": Well, the guy who turned me on to it told me this story. He had asked *his* connection about the political origin of this grass. Was it from the vicious-ruling Marcos dictatorship in the Philippines? Or was it from the remains of the slaughtered guerrilla groups on the outlying islands? He said he couldn't find out for sure, but he did hear an amazing story—call it a legend—about the source. Danielle, did you ever hear about the

disappearance of Michael Rockefeller? **Danielle:** Was he the one that was eaten by some tribe of cannibals on some island?

"R": He was an anthropologist, kind of a black sheep of the greedy Rockefeller clan. thoughtful, interesting mind; a seeker, an adventurer. He was last seen living with a Stone Age tribe on one of the Philippine islands. Living with them, studying them, becoming one of them—no one was sure. Something strange was happening to his head even before he disappeared.

Danielle: Didn't they prove he was dead?

"R": A lot of con men have come forward from time to time hoping to get some Rockefeller money by presenting the family with some bone fragments—crushed skulls and the like—they claim were Michael's. But nothing definitive. Anyway, almost two decades are gone

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Dangerous.

since he disappeared. And then suddenly you begin to hear of a group of Stone Age tribes in the interior who are making available limited quantities of incredible earthshaking grass. These are tribes with no written language, they're kind of in the state where they're *just about* to discover all of human civilization. The dawn of articulate intelligence and historical culture. *Why* it happened has always been a mystery to anthropologists and evolutionists. The critical mass of cortex was there for millions of years before it all suddenly happened—writing, language, civilization itself. Nobody's been able to account for *what* exactly jump-started the cortex to produce civilization.

Danielle: So where does this Michael Rockefeller come in?

"R": A lot of people think he was *onto* something when he disappeared, onto something very important—something that linked us to the Stone Age dawn of bicameral consciousness. So the legend

is, that somehow deep in the Stone Age forests of the Philippines, Michael Rockefeller is high on some everlasting study of the dawn of consciousness with a whole tribe of Stone Age pot farmers who are now trying to produce enough to return to mankind the joy, the wonder, of that glorious dawn of awareness—the high of consciousness itself.

Danielle: Hey, "R," are you sure this shit just ain't gonna make us stupid as cavemen? I mean, I'm not into any *Quest for Fire* trip myself.

"R": Well, my dear, I think it's different for you. You've reached a whole new level of evolutionary status—one thinks of the angels, the graces, the muses. One thinks of—

Danielle: We all know what you thinkin' of, "R." But tell me true, do you buy this Michael Rockefeller/Stone Age Sinsemilla Farmer stuff?

"R": Well, to tell the truth, I did hear one theory that was a little more plausible on the surface.

Danielle: What was that?

"R": Well, it goes back to ten years ago when Muhammad Ali and Smokin' Joe Frazier fought the most dramatic, dangerous, hard-fought heavyweight fight in history, the one they call "The Thrilla from Manila." What I'd heard was that there we were, a lot of very rich hangers-on and players who flew over from both coasts to catch a ringside seat at the fight. I'd heard they brought the wildest women and the best weed with them—it was the heyday of the Colombian gold rush, and the best original Santa Marta. I'd heard that they had gold, and plenty of it, and that they left carpets full of the stuff in their hotel-room rugs. And that some of the shrewder hotel employees, noticing how these magic seeds seemed to attract money and good times, started growing their own in upland volcanic foothills. The rest is history. And four Herbie awards.

BEST HIGH OF THE YEAR (FOREIGN)

THE THRILLA FROM MANILA

BEST BUY OF THE YEAR

THE THRILLA FROM MANILA

BEST DEBUT OF THE YEAR

THE THRILLA FROM MANILA

SPECIAL LIFETIME ACHIEVEMENT

AWARD OF THE YEAR.

THE THRILLA FROM MANILA

Thus spake Der Connoisseur. □

COMING IN OCTOBER:
"The Herbies—
Domestic Awards"

FASSBINDER & HIS FRIENDS

The darling of the film festivals; a director of genius—
He died of a barbiturate/cocaine overdose at age 36.
Sex, drugs, sadism and Weltschmerz: The orgiastic life
and tragic death of Germany's greatest filmmaker.

Rainer Werner Fassbinder was the central German film director of the whole post-Hitler era. He was the greatest in terms of productivity (43 films in barely over a decade), range and impact on his own generation—both in Germany and abroad. The "New German Cinema" revival of the '70s is unthinkable without him, and among his contemporaries, only Werner Herzog (Fitzcarraldo, Aguirre) rivals him in world prestige. In films like *The Merchant of Four Seasons*, *The Marriage of Maria Braun*, *Lili Marleen*, and *Lola*—Fassbinder opened up a peculiar, teeming, madly fertile world: a world of bleak city streets, garish interiors rotting with an over-sumptuous hothouse glamour, middle-class eccentricities and madness, and an erotic, romantic frustration so intense that it seems to beat at the spectator in waves. There is something almost oppressive about his films—they repel as they fascinate. Taken together they present a full and often damning portrait of German society in the 20th century—its social realities and, perhaps more important, its cultural undertows, dreams and nightmares.

When I spoke to Dieter Schidor—a deceptively boyish-appearing actor and ex-academic, who produced Fassbinder's last film (*Querelle*, taken from the Jean Genet novel) and directed *The Wizard of Babylon* (a documentary on the making of *Querelle*)—I expected an intimate glimpse of a driven artist. I didn't expect the picture I got: an appalling portrait of a man who was, in many ways, self-destructive, cruel and even monstrous: a man who tyrannized his friends and coworkers mercilessly; who drove some of them (like actress Hanna Schygulla) literally into nervous breakdowns; who manipulated the system with consummate cynicism and cunning to finance his movies; whose appetites for sex, drugs, emotional violence or depravity were immense and uncontrollable; and whose personal life was a pathetic, even sordid, shambles (both his long-term homosexual lovers committed suicide).

Throughout the interview, Schidor—a lucid, extremely intelligent raconteur who obviously loved Fassbinder—would occasionally pull back, protest that I was "making" him reveal a catalog of horrors, but seconds later, with little prodding, he would recount some new atrocity, pry open some new festering wound. It seems obvious that Fassbinder's friends and associates may feel almost compelled to strip the veils from his monument. And they perhaps do this, not out of any sense of revenge or account-settling, but, in some weird way, to bring this strong, volatile, "monstrous"—but very human—figure back to life.

Schidor was open and honest, eloquent beyond any interviewer's dreams and his remarks and stories speak for themselves. They show Fassbinder, I think, for what he probably was: a great artist and a pitiable, amoral man. They show a person who could be, sometimes almost simultaneously, violent and gentle, revolutionary and bourgeois, passionate and calculating, vicious and humane, idealistic and corrupt, an artist who, perhaps like Richard Wagner, bares the soul of his countrymen by reflecting in his art and his life all the grossness and the beauty, the idealism and the horror of Germany itself.

And in a peculiar way, these sometimes shocking revelations might be, along with his film work (which, in *Querelle*, reached its apex), a true monument to Fassbinder—who, as Schidor makes clear, would have wanted, even insisted on, that truth.

HIGH TIMES: How did you first meet Fassbinder?

DIETER SCHIDOR: I got to know him in 1969. He had just done his first two films: *Katzelmacher* and *Love Is Colder than Death*. And then I acted in a couple of his films—and then, in 1975, we had a fight, for a couple of years we didn't speak to each other anymore—

HIGH TIMES: An artistic fight?

SCHIDOR: No, it was a mixture... It

was a personal fight. We had done a film, *Satan's Brew*, and I couldn't come back for the second shooting. And then it happened (through *Querelle*, actually) that we started talking again. In the course of working on *Querelle*, we got very close.

HIGH TIMES: What was he like?

SCHIDOR: That is a very, very difficult question. I'll try and tell it to you from my point of view. It is a question that I get often asked, and I try to be as concrete as possible—because, for me, he's the most important person that I've met in my life, and will meet. You probably know that he could be very cynical, that he could be very wicked, and that he could be very unjust to people.

Everything he did—he did it in excess. He smoked in excess, he drank in excess, he took drugs in excess; he took sleeping pills in excess, and he ate in excess.

To stay on the negative side for a moment, he... he destroyed people. He did that, he really did. Not that he was guilty in the suicide of his one lover, and the hanging of another, but he felt guilty, and it was certainly something to do with him, you know; because people changed when they were around him, totally. They fell totally under his spell. I also fell under his spell. And you let him do things to you that you wouldn't let anybody else do. And people would ask, "Why, why, do you allow him to do that?" And there was never an answer, people who were not very close to him could never understand that. He had, in the beginning, girls that went into the street as prostitutes for him; actresses—

HIGH TIMES: To keep the theater group going?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, to get money, because he liked to drink cognac and champagne. There's a very famous story—not a secret: He had a flat where he lived with two of his actresses, and he sent them out to fuck with pawnbrokers, with Turks and Greeks; and get



twenty marks, thirty marks, for each fuck, and then bring it back to him

And, at the same time—and this is the most important thing—to spend an evening with him was more fascinating than all the humiliations you could get. There was a hypnotical power that made him, for you, not only into an institution of artistic quality, but also—even though he was totally amoral—there could be moments when he would be of such tenderness, and you would feel he would be the only person in your life (more even than your mother) that would understand you, *exactly*, and you would trust him, completely. But *then* it would happen that, two weeks later, he would totally use that, you know—

HIGH TIMES: What was this fascination based on? The force of his personality?

SCHIDOR: Uh-huh. This power of his personality was there, before he ever became a director. He must have had this power when he was fifteen years old—

HIGH TIMES: What about the avant-garde theater troupe in Munich where he started out?

SCHIDOR: You see, there was nothing happening in Munich at the time, so the media caught up with them, and people started writing about them. Fassbinder had his first part as an actor there, and he had learned his lines, and he had forgotten them totally. So he was onstage, and he noticed that he couldn't say the lines, so he just screamed; he changed it all, and made this fifteen-minute speech, and just kept screaming. . . He could react very quickly. And the media impact of the theater group—Anti-Theater—got him the money for his first film

See, what happened to him: when he'd done his first film, *Love Is Colder than Death*, and that went to the Berlin Film Festival, and it was smashed to pieces—the critics hated it, the people booed. Fassbinder wasn't interested in that. He wasn't interested in the booing, and he wasn't interested in the person who came up and said he liked the film. He *knew* he was doing the right thing.

He had the ability to feel that there was an empty space in the German culture of that time, where he could totally place his feet. And he got money from the subsidies; government money, government grants. He was very good at using the whole system to his best advantage

The industry was *nonexistent*; you can say that. German cinema, until he came, was really nonexistent.

HIGH TIMES: Was his success the catalyst for other people, like Wenders

and Herzog?

SCHIDOR: Mmmm-hmmm. Oh, yeah—and they *know* that. He was the one who—*always*, up to his death—he was the one who just pushed up his elbows, and *went*, like a bulldozer. He didn't care; and he broke it open, also, for all the others. As an example, when he did *Third Generation*, he was a very distinguished, famous film director already—and, because of the subject matter—terrorism—he didn't get any money, he was rejected by all the government grants. . . The actors were already all in Berlin. He'd done already two days of shooting; and he realized there was no money whatsoever. He called the actors together and said, "That's the situation. You can go home, now. But, if you stay, you won't get paid." And then some said yes; some said no—and he did the film. He sent people around to collect money—fifty marks here, a hundred marks there—and he did the film, the credits and *finished* it. He didn't wait until he had the film totally financed—he just went ahead.

HIGH TIMES: What were his shooting schedules like?

SCHIDOR: *Pietra Von Kant*, nine days. Hardly any of the earlier films took more than two or three weeks.

HIGH TIMES: How was he able to do this?

SCHIDOR: For a long period of time he had the same people. So that was time-saving.

HIGH TIMES: When he started, was he working with crews that were all tyros?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, they were all starting out. Nobody knew anything. He was scared he didn't know anything, either. And he said he really knew a lot, finally, after the shooting of *Berlin Alexanderplatz*. So, that was certainly part of the reason why things worked so fast.

HIGH TIMES: What were the dynamics of his film group? Was he able to instill some sort of esprit de corps?

SCHIDOR: No. He was a tyrant. He was constantly playing with intrigues between the people. *Mind games*—all the time. If there would be relationships developing, he would *destroy* them; or he would start new ones. You know, there was a constant energy that was flowing. People would be humiliated. He would pick on somebody—

HIGH TIMES: Were many of them afraid of him?

SCHIDOR: Yes. Yes. And he would interfere totally with their private lives.

There was a group of actors that were very close privately, also. His "stock company": Hanna Schygulla or Günther Kaufmann, Kurt Raab, Harry Baer.

Hanna was supposed to play "Lola." She was at a party at the last day of shooting on *Lili Marleen*—she had started practicing the songs for *Lola* already. He told her, "You're not going to play 'Lola'." And she had a nervous breakdown. . . She *really* broke up, you know. **HIGH TIMES:** She was his biggest star! Did he feel she had to be taken down a peg?

SCHIDOR: No. After having done a film like *Lili Marleen*, his fantasy for her was a bit exhausted. He needed a break. That happened after *Effi Brest* also. He sent her away. He said, "I can't see your face anymore." Then, after *Effi Brest*, the first thing he did again with her was *The Marriage of Maria Braun*—which he really did because he had treated her so horribly in the meantime; didn't answer phone calls, and never called her back.

HIGH TIMES: You're depicting a very cruel individual. Why was he doing this? For the good of the project?

SCHIDOR: I don't think there was any analysis in what he was doing. He *loved* playing these games. And he *loved* intrigues. And he was very childish. And it was very cruel. But then, all these people that he was cruel to, and he was humiliating—they *loved* him.

HIGH TIMES: He pulled them up?

SCHIDOR: He pulled them up, yeah. He really pulled them up. And. . . I would more than say we were friends; I would say that I—I loved him; which mostly I noticed after he was dead, because. . . Now there is something *missing* which. . . I know I will never meet somebody like that again who will open up things in my head, that nobody else has done before.

I realize I'm not being very precise. You see, it's very, very difficult. Don't pick on the. . . When I say all these negative things, you can create a character, and you can say, "Oh, he was horrible." There was a lot of cynicism and dangerous game-playing. It's all *true*, you know, and that was all there. And I've seen him do things that were really unbelievable—like hitting people; or, the cutter of *Querelle*—he came into the cutting room once, because she had made a remark, and he hit her with his leather jacket, and she had a big wound over her face. And then he didn't speak to her for four weeks. And then he would come and bring her big *presents*, you know. Or, we would have a fight, and then he would suddenly call up in the middle of the night and say, "Can we go for a walk?" Very sweet and tender, and you would *forgive* everything. **HIGH TIMES:** He sounds like a person who lets everything out



Brad Davis in Fassbinder's last film, *Querelle*—which showed the tormented director at his creative peak

SCHIDOR: Everything. Then, he was completely free.

HIGH TIMES: Isn't that unusual for German society?

SCHIDOR: No, it's very unusual. He was hated by many, many people—especially in Germany. . . In the media, he was always loved. He established his place very fast. But with the public—with his TV things, he irritated people a lot. Then there was his appearance: his leather jacket, and torn jeans, and unshaven—that was unusual. Or that he would sit in press conferences, and not be polite. He was never polite. And, at the same time—it's very complex—with his scruffy dress; it was a false front. He knew that it was effective.

HIGH TIMES: Another interesting thing about his films is their immense catholicity of tastes and interests.

SCHIDOR: He could soak a lot of things up without being totally involved. It's not that he knew a lot about the Third Reich, for example, but if there were certain aspects that interested him, then he would, very fast, learn what he wanted to know. It was not that he read a lot, you know—he read the books that he wanted to read. Alfred Döblin, a German philosopher—he's one of our classics. And *Querelle* was one of his favorite books. And Schopenhauer. .

So, in his bedroom, you would find—with the porno magazines—you would find all of Schopenhauer.

HIGH TIMES: He also had a real flair for cinematic mimicry—

SCHIDOR: He had a couple of directors that he knew every film—and one was Douglas Sirk. You can see his influence, especially in *Lola* and *Fear Eats the Soul*. Then there were the Michael Curtiz movies—Fassbinder was going to do a book on Curtiz.

HIGH TIMES: How did he work with actors?

SCHIDOR: He would never say, "You were good." Only if something was bad; he would say, "Okay, you have to do that again." His presence was such that, he made the actor feel—He was very tender—don't forget that. During shooting, he created an atmosphere of incredible tenderness. Or, if he thought it was needed, he could create an atmosphere of total horror—of really beating, with words and cynicism, the shit out of an actor, to get the performance he wanted.

HIGH TIMES: Fassbinder seemed to have found his financial touch in the last four years.

SCHIDOR: But, see, what he did, if you look back, the first films that he'd done—including *The Merchant of Four Sea-*

sons—were films really treating problems of lower-working-class people—films that the regular cinema audience were not interested in. He changed. He changed, and got his audience's attention—wider public attention—when he brought in normal middle-class bourgeois subjects.

HIGH TIMES: Why was he working with working-class subjects in the beginning, if that wasn't actually his background?

SCHIDOR: It was not his background, but. . . When he was living in Cologne, when he was sixteen, seventeen, and he could do what he wanted, he was running around areas where workers were: you know, gay bars. So he was always with that type of people a lot—he liked them. Also, during the shooting of a film, he wouldn't sit with the staff, he would sit with the lighting people, the electricians. He felt more comfortable there. So that was part of his own personality, he felt very close to them.

HIGH TIMES: Could you talk about the circumstances surrounding the suicide of his lover and his own drug overdose and death? Unless it's too private—

SCHIDOR: No, no. There's no reason not to do it, because one thing that Fassbinder was always very, very strong

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IN SEARCH OF THE HASH FIELDS OF MOROCCO

It would take some doing, but sooner or later he knew he'd find them. And, man, when he did, it turned out to be worth double the trouble.

Text and photos by Ed Rosenthal

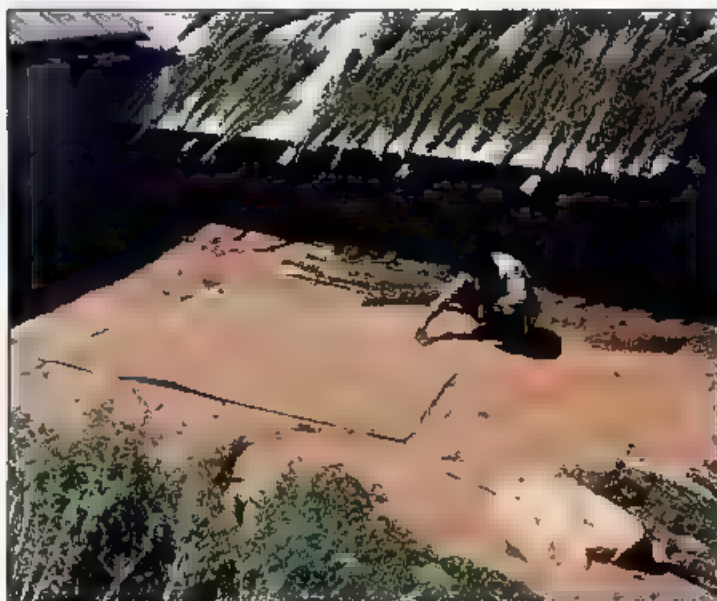
One day last summer, while perusing my latest issue of *HIGH TIMES* magazine, I came across an ad for "Milington Guide Tours Intl.," announcing its third annual "Trip of a Lifetime Tour." The ad said that 10-day cannabis-appreciation expeditions were being organized to Amsterdam and the Rif mountain-range region in Morocco, and for \$900 (including round-trip air fare, complete ground transportation, hotels and guide service), any citizen with a passport could make the trek. The ad warned that a scant 42 spaces were open for the 1982 season, and that applications would be considered on a strictly first-come, first-served basis.

Well, I'd been to Amsterdam several times before, smoked and choked on the second-rate dope in the "Bulldog" and "Milky Way," so the Netherlands was definitely out. But a tour of Morocco intrigued me. You see, I'd never seen firsthand a commercial hash-making factory in action, and even though the Moroccans are notorious for turning out some of the worst hash in the East, a mediocre hash factory is better than checking out no hash factory at all. So I called the number in the ad and wrote away for the brochure, and the next day it came in the mail. It had been sent to me before I even requested it.

I phoned Ray Milington, the tour proprietor and guide, and told him how thankful I was, being sent an advance brochure, because this way there'd be no chance of me being closed out, and with only 42 spaces available for the entire 1982 season, I imagined that happened to people quite often. But not this time. In fact, as it later turned out, I was the only one who signed up for the tour, and Ray was kind enough to offer me a deal where I'd pay for only a half of the air fare and he'd subsidize the rest of my trip.

Ray left for Morocco several weeks ahead of me, so all of the logistical odds and ends would be tied up before I got there. I arrived the last week in August; Ray met me at the airport and together we took the bus into town.

Casablanca was hot. Much too hot to drag a suitcase 15 blocks to your hotel. But I did, with Ray walking alongside



Plants drying while a worker separates seeds for use next year

me, pointing out spots of particular interest.

At the hotel, we were told quite simply that there weren't any rooms available. So off we went, for about another half-dozen blocks, until we found a decent tourist-class hotel, where we lodged for the night. Early the next morning we set out for Ray's friend, Boummedeine's house, located high in the Rif mountains—a day's journey by train, taxi, thumb and feet.

We met Boummedeine at a little café in the center of his town. He was genuinely happy to see Ray and treated us all to a round of mint flavored tea. I told him how

excited I was about getting up to his farm and examining his fields. At this he became very somber and said that they had all been harvested, that all his neighbors' fields had been harvested and that as far as he knew, all the hash plants in the whole area, or for that matter, in the whole country, had already been harvested. Ray then chimed in and suggested that we get a move on, so we all piled into Boummedeine's Mercedes for the ride up the mountain to his house. There was a beautiful view from his patio of where his hash fields had been. But all that was left now were the bare stalks of the plants that had been collected. We could, though, view the plants drying in the storehouses.

Ketama, a city 10 miles from Boummedeine's farm, is on the main road which tourists going to Morocco's resort areas must take. Ketama is also the hash-making capital of Morocco. Travelers who stop in season at the government-run hotel have a splendid view of hash plants growing 20 feet from their windows. Local men hang out in the hotel bar drinking beer, watching Spanish television (which is a lot more interesting than Moroccan) and hope for a profitable encounter with a European. On our second day in Ketama, Ray and I met a guy who swore that his fields were still up. He told us that it would be no trouble for us to check them out—only we'd need a car to get to where they were. Ray made the arrangements, and we were to meet at his house the next day.

I still don't know exactly whose fault it was, but when we arrived at the guy's house, there was no car to take us up and



Above: Field hand in the family plot. Right Hashish is made by first rubbing the plants across a cloth tightly covering a bowl.

we had to hike 10 miles in the blazing sun to his hash fields. It was like wading through the lava pits of hell. The sun was merciless, we were dehydrating fast—and Ray, who was a heavy smoker, had to stop every 15 minutes to rest. We struggled on for over two hours until we finally reached our destination, the fields—the already harvested fields. That's right, these fields, too, had been harvested—picked clean by native women with stooped shoulders and bony fingers. They left nothing except a few dried-out runts.

Our friend was at a loss to explain the situation, but felt nonetheless that he was entitled to compensation for his troubles, and started in Pidgin English to spiel for his hashish, hash oil and ganja. Ray acted irate at the man's suggestion that we buy something from him, whom Ray blamed for our latest adventure. But the guy had showed us the hospitality of his fields and home, and at the end of a half-day's work was being left with no money. He demanded something for taking us up the mountain. Ray would not bargain with him or even discuss it, and just kept walking straight ahead, ignoring his requests. Finally, the farmer began begging, and implored Ray to come to the house—if only to buy a token amount, a few grams. Ray refused. The guy was still pleading when Ray pulled out a 100-dirham note (worth about \$16) and threw it at the farmer. The guy took it but was insulted. He didn't really want money for the tour. He want-



ed to sell some of his hash. Ray had made an enemy for life

Back at Boummedeine's farm, the next day was spent waiting for Ray's friends to take us on a tour of the countryside to try and find some pot plants. But they never came.

A word about our accommodations at Boummedeine's house. We stayed in a room overlooking his fields that was furnished like thousands of others in the area that cater to foreign visitors and exporters. Around the circumference of the room was 2-foot-deep by 30-inch-wide foam covered with assorted cloth. The walls, which had been painted years ago, were decorated with assorted memorabilia left by the visitors. The toilet was outside, down the stairs, and consisted of a squat pit. We ate outside with Boummedeine, his brothers and his cousins, who all worked together. Our food consisted of flat, soft breads and meat stews, primarily lamb, flavored with mint and other spices called *tangine*. The patio served as the main living room, although it got rather chilly out there in the evenings. The interior of the house, which I never entered, consisted of several rooms off an inner courtyard. This was the women's area. Unless they were in the fields they were always working behind the doors of the house.

There was very little public interaction between men and women. It seemed to me that they lived in two separate cultures. Boummedeine had two wives. His father, now deceased, had had four, now widows who lived in a house 100 yards from Boummedeine. All of the women worked in the fields, helped to cook and rear the children. The men made the deals and sat around. I never saw a man in this family working hard at manual labor.

On the day after Ray's friends didn't come by to take us on a tour of the countryside, I decided to move to the hotel in town. Although I am not shocked or upset by primitive conditions, I see no reason why I should experience them if I don't want to. I appreciate a hot shower and electricity as much as the next man. On the other hand, I did not wish to upset Boummedeine or his brothers. Ray told me that Boummedeine certainly would understand—he had spent some time in Amsterdam and realized that Europeans had different expectations.

Around midafternoon I checked into the Ketama Hotel. I put my belongings in my room and went out to the bar to see what was going on. I hadn't eaten, so I was ordering some food when a

couple of the patrons approached me. One leaned over and said, "You didn't find any hashish at Boummedeine's, eh? We have a whole field

"A whole field," I replied. "Please, you wouldn't be kidding me. I have already seen harvested fields and I really would appreciate being able to see one that is still up. A whole field? Are you sure? What color is it, green or brown?"

"Well," he said, looking down at his shoes, "it's actually a half of a field, but there's still a lot of green plants around."

"And you're sure that they're not harvested?"

"Yes."

"Well, when can I see them?"

"Right now."

I got my camera gear ready and we started out. It was about 3:30, so there was not that much good daylight left. Our Audi navigated the main road, then a side road, and pretty soon we were on a long winding country road in a desolate, dry region. Actually, it looked a little like Southern California. We passed over outcroppings and there was no sign of any habitation. Finally we came to a large working farm but the guy behind the wheel just kept on driving.

I was getting nervous. True enough, the guys were friendly, had given me no reason to be the least bit paranoid and had not made any kind of threatening remarks, but as the ride extended to 40 minutes, I began to feel insecure. By this time we were traveling up a mountain pass. The car followed the road's 90-degree turn and we came to a most amazing sight.

A whole mountain and valley was spread out before us. And the entire area, the valley below and the terraced mountain were covered with hashish plants. People were working in the fields harvesting the plants by hand, using scythes to cut them. The scene looked like a van Gogh painting, brushed with broad strokes of deep colors. The greens, the colorful women's clothing and the browns and earth tones from harvested fields and boundaries.

This was an extensive operation. There are five villages within the valley, and each of them receives its entire income from hashish.

We were right at the entrance to the valley. The whole panorama spread before us was perfect for photography, and the light was still bright enough for some shots of the fields. I set up my camera and shot a couple of rolls of film. Then we climbed down to the village in the valley to reach the fields.

Each terraced area was farmed by a different family. The terraces in the valley had soil that was rich and fertile, from collecting the runoff rain of the mountain. The terraces followed the land's contours. As the land rose from the valley, its topsoil-layer thinned, and the plants that grew on it became shorter, with pale green leaves and yellowed lower branches. The colas, too, were thinner. Finally, in the upper gardens, stretched thin against the mountain's slope, the farming became even more marginal.

The farmers had different techniques. Most planted over 40 seeds to the square foot, but some of them sowed as few as 10 or 12 to the square foot. Fertilization techniques differed also. The majority added little or no fertilizer. But others used quite a bit. These fertilized plants were much larger and more vigorous, but they were later in maturing. All the plants seemed to be from the same variety, and the farmers did not seem to be too interested in the genetic backgrounds of their plants. This is not to say that I expected them to be using scientific breeding techniques, but they used no selection process in choosing seeds.

Up close, the fields showed the results of different cultivation techniques. Some of the plants may have weighed a quarter-pound dry, but most of them weighed one quarter of that. As I mentioned, the plants are grown very close together and because of that they do not branch much. Each plant grows a single main stem and a thin cola.

Soon the light became unusable and me and my two companions walked back to the car, smoked some hash and got to know each other a bit.

After an hour or so, when it was completely dark, we drove through the mountainous roads back to the hotel. The moon was nearly full, and the land reflected the light with a unique luminosity. The rocks and boulders were surrounded by halos, and the few plants growing in the dry land cast dark shadows as they absorbed the moon's rays.

At the hotel, I found Ray waiting for me, very concerned. His friends had told him that one of my new acquaintances was an ambulatory schizophrenic, and the other merely aggressively malevolent. Ray was happy to see me alive, and when I told him that I had found our quest, he was happier still, knowing that his tour had been saved from disaster. I introduced them all and then our farmer friends suggested that we return to the fields tomorrow.

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Midsummer night in Briones, after a vintage year... The fog off the Pacific lies heavy on the fields and pastures... the obscured presence of the great reef along the fault line is disclosed by the distant crash of surf. Past the foot of Mount Tamalpais and beyond the promontory of the Golden Gate, the yellow glow of the bridge, and of San Francisco

itself, looms through the grey. The foghorns knell the coast, like reminders of the Buddha mind. In



the garden, the deep purple sinsemillan buds are achingly exfoliating, their patina of silvery resin glistening in the muted moonlight.

Two sparkling lines... a little Rain Wine, from the northern vineyards of the King Range...

The kerosene lamp reflects on the polished redwood bedstead in highlights that blaze like stars. Now she's smiling radiantly. Time to go to the shelf and bring out...





THE OLDE BUDD

みんなが知っているテレビヒーロー

プロ制作の

番組のすべて

トラQ

2-41.7.3

トラマン

7-42.4.

トラ

9-42.8.27

トラ

10-1-43.8.8

トラ

14.8-43.8.27

トラ

7.8-43.12.26

トラ大作戦

9.15-44.8.9

トラ

5.3.30-45.9.26

ウルトラブライ

15.6.28-46.7.3

トラ

14.4.2-47.8.8

トラマン

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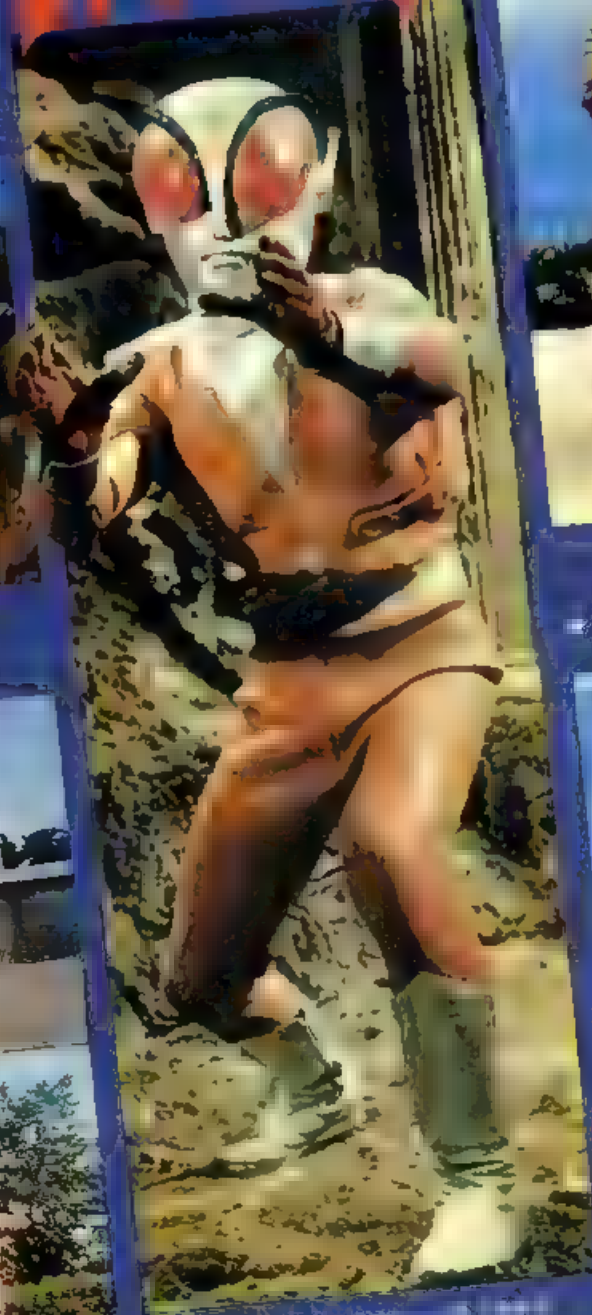
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E-1

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Z・A・T (ゼット・アール・ティー)

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目 1118とほとんど同じですが通気器が
ズーツ 耐熱 防水性立て
バンド 耐熱 防水性立て
ブーツ 耐熱 防水性立て
グリップ 耐熱 防水性立て



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II
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1 ツインテール

2 デットン

3 テロテルス

4 ドラキュラス

5 ナツクル星人

6 ノコギリ

8 バリケーン

9 バルダック星人

10 バット星人

12 ビーコン

13 ビルガ

about—he always felt that everything private can be made public. There's no reason not to make anything public.

His lover [Armin Maier] was one of these boys that were created in the last year, 1945, in the Action Lebensborn—you know, where the Nazi party put blond men and blond German women together into places—

HIGH TIMES: Breeding grounds?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, breeding grounds. They were living together, I think, for five years. He grew up an orphan, and he was adopted by a butcher, in north Bavaria, then came to Munich, and he served as a waiter in a restaurant where we all used to go. And they became lovers, and they moved into one apartment. And then . . . Fassbinder had written him a letter—[it didn't work out anymore. He told me that. He said, "The only time when we can understand each other is when we take LSD. That's the only moment when we can communicate"]. It was getting worse and worse between them. Fassbinder had written him a letter that it was all finished.

Then, you must know that the lover has acted in a couple of his films—*Germany in Autumn* and *Mother Kusters Goes to Heaven*. He introduced him like James Dean in that film. "For the first time on the screen Armin Maier. Armin was running around with that letter [Rainer was in Cannes at the time] and showing it to people—because he didn't understand. It was a very intellectual letter—and then Armin took an overdose of sleeping pills and was found a couple of days later by Fassbinder's mother, in their flat. Fassbinder got a real shock out of it; he felt very guilty. And many people blamed him for that—which I believe is wrong. What had happened, of course the lover had changed a lot. You know, if you live with a very strong personality—he had started copying Fassbinder's gestures, Fassbinder's way of speech. And he had lost, sort of, his own identity. . .

And the other lover . . . You know *Ali* *Fear Eats the Soul*? Remember the Arab guy in it? [El Hedi Ben Salem] He hanged himself in a prison in Marseilles. It was after *Fear Eats the Soul*, which Fassbinder gave to him as a sort of "good-bye" present. They had been living together a couple of years, also. They even brought up a son from Morocco, the son of Salem, because Fassbinder thought he wanted to start a family—

HIGH TIMES: Was Salem an actor to

begin with?

SCHIDOR: No, he was somebody who was working in Paris, hustling in Paris, doing all sorts of things. He had a family with six children in Morocco; and then he met Fassbinder and they lived together in Munich. And then they went down to Morocco and found the family, and took one eight-year-old son up to Germany. And that became impossible, you know—because Fassbinder didn't take care of the son. The father beat the shit out of the son whenever he got it from Fassbinder. And then the son was given to the girls, you know, to take care of him, and send him to school. And sometimes he was forgotten; forgotten in a flat, and couldn't get out for three days.

Then, after *Fear Eats the Soul*, they were in Berlin, and they had a fight again, and Salem went out, and he was drunk—he drank a lot—and he stabbed somebody—

HIGH TIMES: And killed them?

SCHIDOR: No, he didn't kill them—but he stabbed somebody in a bar. People got money together, and they sent him off to Paris. And that was the end, you know. He was running around in Paris and saying, "I'm the one. Me, fucking with Fassbinder. Me, star from *Fear Eats the Soul*." In Paris he was invited to a couple of parties, and then, some months later, he was caught. . . I don't know what he had done—stolen something. And he hanged himself in prison.

HIGH TIMES: Did Fassbinder express any inner torment over all of this?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, sure. He didn't express it outwardly. There was one situation—it was after *Querelle*, I think—and he had these wonderful dinner parties, Fassbinder. He had this flat in Munich, and he absolutely adored caviar—he would spend thousands of marks on caviar every month; and invite people, and everybody would get a big piece of caviar. He would spend money like mad, buying presents. And then Kurt Raab [who played the lead in *The Stationmaster's Wife* and *Satan's Brew*, and was the art director on many of the films] finally took care of this son that Fassbinder and the Arab guy had brought over from Algeria—and the son's in prison now, also, because he got into drugs and drug-dealing. Fassbinder made a remark at that dinner: "Oh, Kurt, when you want to see your friends, you have to visit them in prison." And then Kurt, who was already a little bit drunk, said, "Oh, Rainer, when you want to visit your friends, you have to go to the cemetery." And Fassbinder looked—and it really

goes like a knife into him. He really. . . He really suffered from that. He would never speak about it.

To come back to your first question: around that time of Armin's death, he was really depressed, always. But, and I'm damned quite sure about it, it has nothing to do with Fassbinder dying.

HIGH TIMES: The suggestion wasn't suicide, but that his recurring depressions would drive him to excesses.

SCHIDOR: Yeah. Don't forget: if you say that it was an overdose—certainly, medically, at that moment when he died, it was an overdose—but he didn't die by accident, through an overdose. He was physically, totally—run down.

It was a horrible thing for the insurance companies to get him to a doctor. He had the idea that he would be stronger than nature. He would sit there with his fat stomach, eating, drinking, smoking dope the whole time, taking really large amounts of cocaine; and then say, "I'm going to prove it. The energy I have is so strong, I cannot die. What would happen to the energy I have?" He said that to me at Cannes. . . You know, we all knew it. We knew it was not possible, what he was doing. It is really impossible—and he has to die. Everybody knew that, for many years. The excesses were so strong. And then, at one point, you just said, "Well, maybe he is right, maybe this is a miracle. Maybe he's so strong that he gets away with it. . ."

HIGH TIMES: If he'd lived through it, do you think he would have changed? Or would he just have gone on to the end?

SCHIDOR: Probably. He started his self-destruction many, many years ago.

HIGH TIMES: Why?

SCHIDOR: One thing was. . . When he did not film, he did not know what to do with himself. He went on these erratic trips for three days to the Dominican Republic, or two days to New York—you know, spending huge amounts of money on first-class air tickets; taking somebody along; hating it after three days.

The last time I was in New York with him, and we were really alone the whole time, he did not. . . He went to the sauna one time, but the sex was nothing very positive. That was his last year, you know, the year of *Querelle*.

HIGH TIMES: So that's why he kept up this furious activity?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, that's why I really was so shocked. . . I didn't believe—I knew he was really run down, already, in New York; and then we went to

/ continued on page 86

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B Pseudo Scent	2 00			11 00			29 00			110				600	1000	
C Ultra Scent	2 00		9 00			25 00		40 00	60 00	110				475	900	
D W.L. Incense	2 00					15 00				80 00				450	800	
E Super Scent	2 00		9 00			25 00		40 00	60 00	110				475	900	
F Summa Scent	2 00				11 00		29 00			110				600	1000	
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H W.L. Mannitol	2 00									9 00		17 00		30 00	50 00	
I W.L. Crystal Mannitol	2 00									9 00		17 00		35 00	70 00	
J W.L. Inositol	2 00									9 00		17 00		35 00	70 00	
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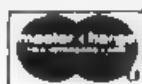
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BRING ME YOUR LOVE

Harry walked down the steps and into the garden. Many of the patients were out there. He had been told that his wife, Gloria, was out there. He saw her sitting alone at a table. He approached her obliquely, from the side and a bit from the rear. He circled the table and sat down across from her. Gloria sat very straight, she was very pale. She looked at him but didn't see him. Then she saw him.

"Are you the conductor?" she asked.

"The conductor of what?"

"The conductor of verisimilitude?"

"No, I'm not."

She was pale, her eyes were pale, pale brown.

"How do you feel, Gloria?"

It was an iron table, painted white, a table that would last for centuries. There was a small bowl of flowers in the center, wilted dead flowers hanging from sad, dangling stems.

"You are a whore-fucker, Harry. You fuck whores."

"That's not true, Gloria."

"Do they suck you too? Do they suck your dick?"

"I was going to bring your mother, Gloria, but she was down with the flu."

"That old bat is always down with something. Are you the conductor?"

The other patients sat down at the tables or up against the trees or they stretched out on the lawn. They were motionless and silent.

"How's the food here, Gloria? Do you have any friends?"

"Bad. And no. Whore-fucker."

Do you want anything to read? What can I bring you to read?

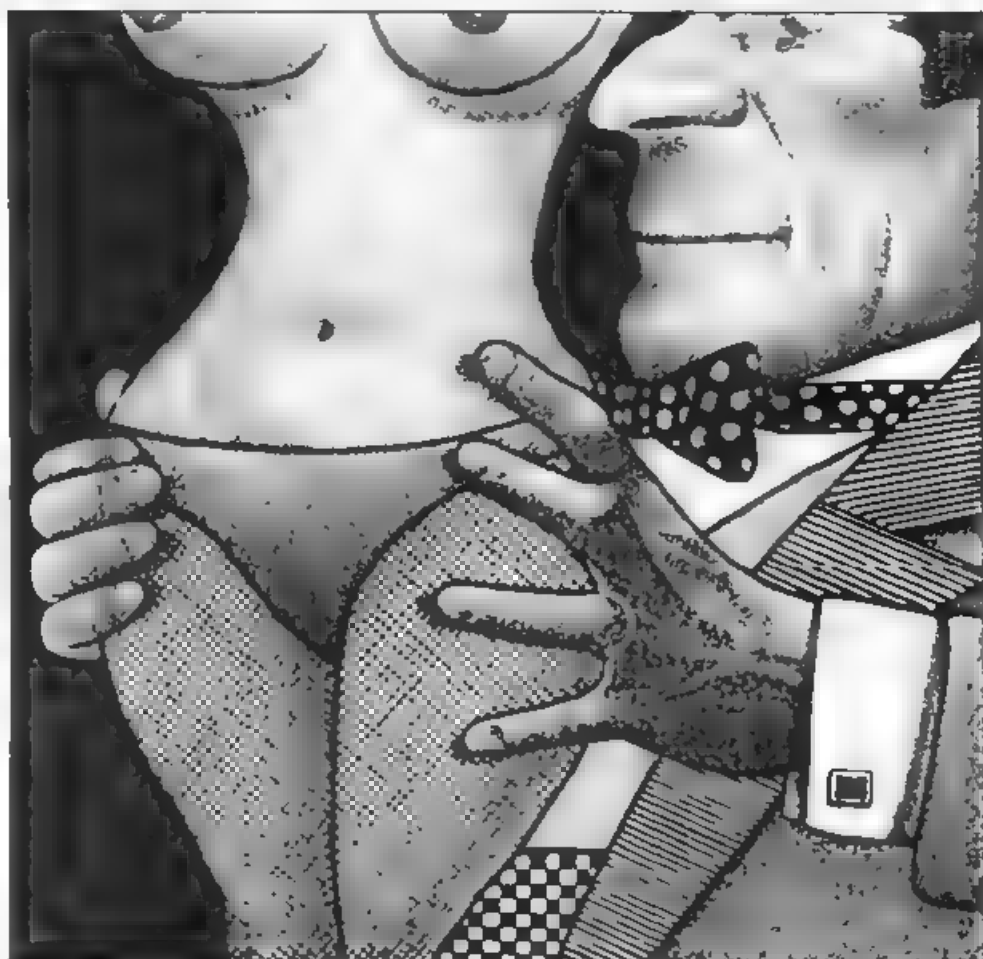
Gloria didn't answer. Then she brought her right hand up, looked at it, curled it into a fist and punched herself in the nose, hard. Harry reached across and held both of her hands. "Gloria, please—"

She began to cry. "Why didn't you bring me any chocolates?"

"Gloria, you told me you *hated* chocolates."

Her tears rolled down profusely. "I *don't* hate chocolates! I *love* chocolates!"

"Don't cry, Gloria, please. I'll bring you



chocolates, anything you want. Listen, I've rented a motel room just a couple of blocks away, just to be near you—

Her pale eyes widened. "A motel room? You're in there with some fucking whore! You watch X-rated movies together, there's a full-length mirror on the ceiling!"

"I'll be right near you for a couple of days, Gloria, so I want to bring you everything you need—"

"Bring me your love, then," she screamed. "Why the hell don't you bring me your love?"

A few of the patients turned and looked.

Gloria, I'm sure that there is nobody who cares for you more than I do.

"You want to bring chocolates! Well, jam those chocolates up your ass!"

Harry took a card out of his wallet. It

was from the motel. He handed it to her.

"I just want to give you this before I forget. Are you allowed to phone out? Just phone me if you need anything at all."

Gloria didn't answer. She took the card and folded it into a small square. Then she bent down, took off one of her shoes, put the card in the shoe and put the shoe back on.

Then Harry saw Dr. Jensen approaching from across the lawn. Dr. Jensen walked up smiling and saying, "Well, well, well."

Hello, Dr. Jensen," Gloria spoke.

May I sit down?" the doctor asked.

"Surely," said Gloria.

The doctor was a heavy man, he reeked of weight and authority. His eyebrows looked thick and heavy, they were thick and heavy. They wanted to fall into his wet circular mouth and

A man with a wife locked away in a mental institution has a right to a little something on the side...doesn't he?

vanish but life wouldn't let them

The doctor looked at Gloria. The doctor looked at Harry. "Well, well, well," he said, "I'm really *pleased* with the progress we've made—"

"Yes, Dr. Jensen, I was just telling Harry how much more *stable* I felt how much the consultations and the group sessions have helped. I've lost so much of my unreasonable anger, useless frustrations and much of my destructive self-pity—"

The doctor smiled at Harry. "Gloria has made a *remarkable* recovery!"

"Yes," Harry said, "I've just noticed."

"I think it will only be a matter of a little more time, and then Gloria will be home with you again, Harry—"

Doctor? Gloria asked. "May I have a cigarette?"

"Why, of course," the doctor said, pulling out a pack of exotic cigarettes and tapping one out. Gloria took it and the doctor extended his gold-plated lighter, flicked it to flame. Gloria got her light, inhaled, exhaled.

"You have beautiful hands, Dr. Jensen," she said.

"Why, thank you, my dear—"

"And a mind that saves a mind that cures—"

"Well, we do the best we can around the old place... Now, if you'll both excuse me, I have to check out a few other patients."

He got his bulk up from the chair and made toward a table where a woman was visiting a man.

Gloria stared at Harry. "That fat fuck eats nurses' shit for lunch."

Gloria, it's been good seeing you, but it was a long drive and I need some rest. And I think the doctor's correct, I've noticed some progress."

She laughed. But it wasn't a joyful laugh, it was a stage laugh, like a part memorized. "I haven't made any progress at all. In fact, I've *retrograded*. . . immensely."

"That's not true, Gloria—"

"I'm the *patient*, Fishhead. I can make a better diagnosis than anybody."

"What's this 'Fishhead'?"

Hasn't anybody ever told you that you have a head like a fish?"

"No."

"Next time you shave, take a look. And be careful not to cut your gills off."

"I'm going to leave now, but I'll visit you again, quite soon."

"Next time bring the conductor."

"You sure I can't bring you something?"

"You're just going to that motel room to fuck some whore."

"Suppose I bring you a copy of *New York*? You used to like that magazine—"

"Jam *New York* up your ass, Fishhead! And follow it with *Time*!"

Harry reached across and squeezed the hand she had hit herself in the nose with. "Keep it together, you're going to be well soon."

Gloria gave no response. Harry got up, turned and walked toward the stairway. When he got halfway up the stairs he turned and gave Gloria a little wave. She sat, motionless.

They were in the dark, going good, when the phone rang.

Harry kept going but the phone kept going. It was very disturbing. Soon, his cock went down.

"Shit," he said and rolled off. He switched on the lamp and picked up the phone.

"Hello?"

It was Gloria. "You were fucking some whore!"

"Gloria, do they let you phone this late? Don't they give you a sleeping pill?"

"What took you so long in answering the phone?"

"Don't you ever take a crap? I was in the middle of a good one, you got me in the middle of a good one."

"I'll bet I did. You going to finish after you get me off the phone?"

"Gloria, it's your goddamned extreme paranoia that has gotten you where you are."

"Fishhead, my paranoia is often the forerunner of an approaching truth—"

"Listen, get yourself some *sleep*. I'll come see you tomorrow—"

"Okay, Fishhead, finish your *fuck*!"

Gloria hung up.

Nan was in her dressing gown, sitting on the edge of the bed with a whiskey and water on the night table. She lit a cigarette and crossed her legs.

"Well," she asked, "how's the little wifey?"

Harry poured a drink and sat down beside her.

"I'm sorry, Nan—"

"Sorry for what, for who? For her or me or what?"

Harry drained his shot of whiskey. "Let's not make a goddamned soap opera out of this thing."

"Oh, yeah? Well, what do you want to make out of it? A roll in the hay? You want to try to finish? Or would you rather go into the bathroom and beat it off?"

Harry looked at Nan. "Goddamn it, don't get smart-ass! You knew my situation as well as I did. You were the one who wanted to come along!"

"That's because I thought if you didn't take me you'd bring some whore!"

"Oh, shit," said Harry, "there's *that* word again."

"What word? What word?" Nan drained her glass, threw it against the wall.

Harry walked over, picked up her glass, filled it, handed it to Nan, then filled his own.

Nan looked down into her glass, took a hit, put it down on the nightstand. "I'm going to phone her, I'm going to tell her everything!"

"Like hell you will! That's a *sick* woman!"

"And you're a *sick* son of a bitch!"

Just then the phone rang again. It was in the center of the room where Harry had left it. They both leaped from the bed and charged toward the phone. On the third ring they both landed, each holding a piece of the receiver. They rolled, breathing heavily, all legs and arms and bodies in desperate juxtaposition, being reflected in the full-length overhead mirror. □

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THE PEASHOOTER PERPLEX

PART I

Remember the "look-alike" drug scare? Did it involve "look-alike drugs," or was it just a look-alike scare? After four years of lackadaisical investigation, Executive Almighty Editor Dean Latimer tells the whole lurid story.

Peachshooters," we may as well call them now. There are literally scores of different brand names for them, of course: Dexam, Dietac, Prolamine, Appedrine, Ayds, Biodrene, Dexadiet, Diet Aid, Full Stop, Gobese, Hungrex, Obestat, Ordinex, Permathene, Propadrene, Slenderex, Slim-Eze, Slim One, ThinSpanz, Trim N Slim, Vita-Slim, X-Drin, X-11 and on and on. They're all virtually the same thing, as the obsessive reiteration of the consonant X, and the syllables "dex," "adrene" and "amine" would suggest. And there are plenty of snazzy street names for them, too: "yellow jackets," "black beauties," "speckled birds," "robin's eggs," "purple hearts," "white crosses" and God knows what-all. So we may as well call them all peachshooters, for convenience' sake.

One thing we can't call them anymore, with any remote confidence, is "look-alikes." The look-alikes are defunct. The federal government, over the last couple years, has cleaned up the look-alike market just stupendously. There are, thanks to the efforts of the Food and Drug and Drug Enforcement administrations, hardly any look-alikes on the streets anymore.

However, there sure as hell are a lot of peachshooters going around nowadays. They are sold in the scores of millions every month, in truck stops and schoolyards and drugstores all across the land; and they're not going to go away soon, either, until a combination of free market economics and simple public awareness of what they are finally puts a lid on the peachshooter market. While that shouldn't begin to happen for at least a couple years yet—according to all the best Madison Avenue market projections—maybe this article could help give the process a nudge in the proper direction.

Why Peachshooters?

We call them peachshooters because "Peachshooter" was the CB radio handle for the first American on record ever to make a big fat lifetime bundle on them. His name is William Saye, and just eight years ago, when he was 32, Mr. Saye was an independent trucker out of Fairburn, Georgia. In that year, 1975, Mr. Saye observed—as a whole lot of veteran speed freaks that year also observed—that for some reason, there just wasn't a hell of a lot of speed around anymore. In the good old days, the late '60s and early '70s, there was no end to the availability of speed on the street, all across the nation. Abbott's licorice black Biphphetamine, Eli Lilly's jazzy green-and-clear Dexamyl, Lemmon's cute little blue-speckled Apidex and Statobex, Pennwalt's stop-sign-yellow Ionamin capsules: they were all gone, all of a sudden, and people everywhere were missing them just dreadfully.

But there was a plant in Long Island, halfway past Amityville toward Islip, that would stuff plain old pick-me-up caffeine into pills and caps of any desired description, Bill Saye discovered. All you had to do was specify what you wanted the pills and caps to look like, and this place would sell them to you by the thousands, at pennies apiece, or less. And then you could resell them to any old speed-hungry trucker you might come up against at a turnpike choke 'n' puke. And even if you told the guy that your little yellow-jacket caps weren't really Ionamins, and your black beauties weren't really Biphphetamines, and it was all just plain caffeine—hell, the guy would still be glad to fork out five bucks for a dozen or so, just to help

him through the next overnight haul. At that sort of markup, there was *definitely* big bucks to be made.

William "Peachshooter" Saye says he always told people, before they bought his look-alikes, that they were really just caffeine. And though that may sound dubious to anyone who likes to think of unlicensed drug vendors as natural-born thieves and liars, the proof that Saye was indeed honest is physically undeniable. Bill Saye is alive today, retired at 39 and rich as Croesus. He never would have made all that money by pushing caffeine to truckers coast to coast, as real speed. Anyone who tried to do that, in Bill Saye's volume with Bill Saye's flair, would have been righteously murdered before turning his first hundred grand.

Peachshooter Saye, on the road, improvised hard-sell commercials for his look-alike pick-me-ups into all the CB channels. He printed up glossy calling cards, embellished with glorious full-color photos of pills and capsules and his home address, and tucked them under the windshield wipers of long-haul trucks in parking lots up and down the East Coast. He invaded college campuses, too, and tacked his cards to bulletin boards and frat houses. But he always told the buyer, before purchase, that it was all straight caffeine.

Within a single year, Fairburn, Georgia, was the site of the Saye Drug Company. A year later, "OTW Distributors" (Over the Windshield, presumably, as opposed to Over the Counter) opened in Tampa, Florida, with Peachshooter Saye at the helm. By now, "Peachshooter" was the common CB handle for over 50 truckers coast to coast, shilling and sell-



ing that Amityville caffeine, in its pretty colored capsules and pills, from Rhode Island to Oregon. Bill Saye, coordinating operations out of balmy Tampa and raking in the bread, had a policy with his vendors: if they *didn't* advise all buyers that the stuff was really caffeine before the sale went down, Bill Saye would just fire their asses.

Unfortunately, it would appear that some peashooter vendors were not as dedicated to steady turnover and long-term profits as Saye himself. In '81 a rumor went around that someone had torched Peashooter's house. That was the year Bill Saye retired from the look-alike business.

It was also the year a look-alike vendor got busted in Elko, Nevada, for peddling "California turnarounds" (speckled birds) for 45 cents a hit. The arresting officers made the charges up out of their heads: "Arranging the sale of a controlled substance [amphetamine] and then supplying a noncontrolled substance [caffeine]." Although no such law had ever been on the books anywhere, these Nevada state cops firmly believed there damn well ought to be. *Caffeine pills*, for god's sake? "They give truckers a false sense," a cop warned the Nevada media, "of being awake."

All in all, then, Peashooter Saye got out of the business just in time. "I'm proud of what I've done," he told the *Wall Street Journal*, when they eventually came to write up this bold new way of generating capital. "I ran the business right. Now I just want to live a normal life, raise some beef cattle and enjoy my two boys and two girls."

Yes, sir, 1981 was the year to get out of the look-alike industry, all right. Even Peashooter himself had to confess, "Today it is being abused. Kids don't know how to handle business. There are too many bathtub operations in business now, and not enough quality controls."

Why Phenylpropanolamine?

Things are much better now for the peashooter racket than they were in 1981. In just two years, the FDA and DEA have succeeded in making it all a much more orderly—and even more profitable—commercial undertaking. It was the least the Food and Drug Administration could do, actually, since it was they who let the serpent into this garden to begin with: phenylpropanolamine.

Phenylpropanolamine (fen-ill-prop-ah-nole-a-mein), or PPA, is one of the civilized world's most ubiquitous medications, especially nowadays. Before 1979, Americans mainly only did PPA

when they caught cold, or came down with hay fever. The stuff is a capital decongestant, and it's found in all sorts of ordinary cold-and-allergy remedies, such as Contac and Bronkaid. In decongestants like Bronkaid, PPA is the prime active ingredient; in antihistamines like Contac, it's included because its stimulating side effects work to counteract the stupefying properties of chlorpheniramine, the commonest over-the-counter antihistamine. PPA has been sold freely, without regulation, over the counter everywhere, continuously, since it was first synthesized in 1937. It was never known to seriously "abuse" anybody, or to be "abused" either (whatever the term "drug abuse" may really mean), until 1979. And then it was all the FDA's fault.

In early 1979, the FDA's authoritative Advisory Review Panel on OTC Miscellaneous Internal Drug Products decided that PPA was a "safe and effective" medication for the control of appetite, and all hell broke loose. Before '79, the only recognized "anorectics"—diet aids—on the market were real amphetamines, which were pretty much wiped off the market in the early '70s by the DEA. It had taken years, but the DEA's brilliant and indefatigable "compliance" department had browbeaten and blackmailed the big drug companies (such as Abbott, Pennwalt, Lemmon, Lilly, etc.) into keeping proper track of their frisky pharmaceuticals, instead of "losing" millions of dosage units, somehow, every single month. In the nationwide speed drought that ensued, more people than William Peashooter Saye thought deeply on how to make a buck from it. There was thus new drug company in New Jersey, for instance, called Thompson Medical. The good folks at Thompson had a shrewd intuition that a mix of PPA and caffeine, suitably packaged, would do wonders on drugstore shelves in the midst of this national speed drought, and they were certainly correct.

Of course, the instant appearance in 1979 of no less than four PPA-and-caffeine "diet aids" from Thompson Medical (namely, Dexatrim, Prolamine, Appetidine and Control) may have been only *coincidental* with the FDA's over-the-counter panel's approval of PPA as "safe and effective" for weight control. The OTC panel may never have heard of Thompson Medical before that. And if you will believe that, I know where you can score some genuine black beauties for a song. Just call or write.

Not everyone in the FDA was happy with their OTC panel's recommenda-

tion that PPA be placed in Category I of over-the-counter medications, meaning effectively that there should be no FDA controls on it whatsoever, now or forever. There never *had* been any controls on PPA, and there were some in the FDA who clearly believed there ought to be. Because at the same time as their OTC panel was clearing the way for Thompson Medical to make a bundle on these diet aids, *another* faction in the FDA was beginning to grumble about the Look-alike Menace.

This was very early 1979, mind you, well before "magazines such as *HIGH TIMES*" were identified by the DEA's "intelligence" chief, Laurence Golden, as the original instigator of the Look-alike Menace. At this time, the only magazines running ads for look-alike pharmaceuticals were *Cosmopolitan*, *Glamour*, *Mademoiselle* and magazines such as *that*. For over a year, their back pages had been glorious with shots of slender young sylphs in leotards and bikinis, attributing their shapeliness to capsules trademarked "Black Beauties" and pills trademarked "White Crosses."

These black beauties and white crosses were *stone* look-alikes for Biphetamine caps and Dexedrine tabs, of course, just as their very names were street-slang terms for those selfsame medications, so beloved of yore by dieting housewives everywhere. These black beauties and white crosses were being merchandised by the *bin*, in wholesale lots, through the back pages of the hipper ladies' home companions by 1979, and someone in the FDA was damned unhappy about it. They could just smell bad trouble on the wind.

The FDA's Look-alike Menace started out discreetly enough in early '79, with a flyer that went around to drugstores everywhere. Pharmacists were warned to be on the lookout for scoundrels trying to buy or steal empty pill vials, especially those with amphetamine labels on them. These scoundrels, the FDA explained, were likely to fill those vials with pills and caps made up to look like black beauties, white crosses and so on, but which really contained only caffeine and decongestant garbage. It was a muted opening salvo for the FDA's Look-alike Menace, but at least they were on record, in early '79, as opposing these things. The record would become very important very quickly.

Because at the very same time this warning went out from the FDA, so did their OTC panel's official approval of PPA as a diet aid. And virtually overnight, the nation was awash with peashooters.

Besides Thompson Medical's four new peashooter brands, Smith Kline French promptly brought out Dietac, a PPA-based spansule that looks *akin* (if not exactly "like") good old delicious Dexamyl. Campana Inc., the people who make Ayds "dieting" candy, brought out their own PPA "droplets." And before the year was out, there were over 20 other brand-name peashooters, and some of them were *really* preposterous.

No one knows exactly who came up with the "Triple Combination," but it was brilliant. In this formulation, the stimulatory effects of caffeine and PPA were enhanced with *ephedrine*, a decongestant that works exactly like PPA, though for a much briefer period of time. Consumers of the Triple Combination presumably got a special *jolt*, the first couple hours. With literally millions of these things, all of a sudden, being merchandised through ads in magazines and on TV, peddled in drug stores and schoolyards and truckstops everywhere, was it any wonder that people started dropping like flies from look alike ODs? Before a few seasons were out, there were dead children everywhere, and the FDA looked in a good way to catch hell for it.

The Dead Children

Before we get to the dead children—both of them—we ought to look at the broad statistics, out of consideration for the likes of Thompson Medical, Smith Kline, and so on. The statistics are quite wonderful for them. In spite of the unprecedented deluge of pretty, inexpensive and wholly uncontrolled PPA "diet" nostrums since 1979, only 12 people have officially died from the stuff, and 10 of *them* were intentional suicides. There has been a rise, inevitably, in the number of people being treated for adverse reactions to peashooters, but it's not exactly awesome, all things considered. About the only really distressing thing in the peashooter statistics is the obviously growing number of young children who obviously *are* doing this nonsense.

The single best source of peashooter stats is the DAWN (Drug Abuse Warning Network) program of the National Institute on Drug Abuse. DAWN, essentially, is a computer in Washington that keeps tabs on coroners' offices and hospital emergency wards in 23 major American cities, and chalks up every instance of drug-related mischance and mortality. Thus, while it doesn't cover *every* OD that occurs in the whole United States, DAWN serves as a very

satisfying Roper poll of dope trends in America. Its stats for "OTC diet aids" are simply fascinating.

In 1981, at the historical peak of the Look-alike Menace, OTC diet aids failed to finish off a single American in any of DAWN's 23 American cities. "It's remarkable to me," Dr. Peter Mendelsohn of the FDA has remarked, "that population exposure [to PPA] has been so wide, over such a long period of time, and we've had so few reports of adverse reactions." Peashooters did a good deal better than aspirin, even, which "killed" 89 people in 1981, and they did better than caffeine *by itself*, which was credited with 37 more (Neither PPA nor ephedrine by themselves killed anybody at all.) No one, in DAWN's 1981 stats, even managed suicide with peashooters; all those who tried wound up in the mere category of emergency-room mentions, of which there were not many at all.

DAWN attributed a total of 1,135 ER (emergency room) visits in 1981 to OTC diet aids, of which half were intentional suicide attempts, not accidental overdoses. Considering the uncountable millions of these things that were gobbled that year by people of all ages, in all conditions of health and illness, this *has* to qualify as a positively remarkable safety record. Lest this paragraph be someday cited by some drug company to the benefit of their drugstore diet aids, however, it should be noted that over 90 percent of these ER visitors bought their peashooters "over the counter." Barely 3 percent said they'd scored their pills on the "street"—suggesting that if these "legitimate" OTC nostrums have a good safety record then the record of mail-order peashooters has to be magnificent.

Of course, it can be speculated that medical problems with peashooters don't show up in the DAWN computer at anything like their true incidence, because they're confused with real amphetamine ODs. However, it would seem sort of hard to confuse a mere peashooter OD, characterized by mild hypertension, with a real speed OD, characterized by *severe* hypertension. Also, this speculation suggests that nobody's looking for peashooter ODs *specifically*, though people certainly are. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1980, with some evident pride, reported two cases of nonfatal "renal insult" sustained with peashooters, and predicted a rash of further such kidney cases. However, in the first incident, the 28-year-old woman had been doing Full Stop for three weeks straight,

Peashooters did a good deal better than aspirin, which "killed" 89 people in 1981.

despite the fact that she was *already* a diagnosed kidney patient. The other case was a 21-year-old "binge" drinker who'd guzzled nine and a half quarts of malt liquor, and then put "thirty to fifty" Dexatrim on top of it; since PPA *does* constrict the blood vessels to the kidneys, and this guy clearly needed *total* kidney function after all that Colt 45, he got sick and spent three days in the hospital. *JAMA* has not reported any further cases of PPA-associated renal insult in the last three years.

It's in the demographic breakdown of the peashooter ER stats that they start to become disturbing. For one thing, only 187 of these 1,135 ER patients were male, so it would appear that women, those inveterate weight-watchers, *are* being suckered in by all those ridiculous ads for diet aids, which is infuriating. But what's even more infuriating is the disproportion of young kids who showed up in ERs in 1981 because of peashooters. No less than 540 of these ER mentions involved kids under 19, while only 368 involved people aged 20 to 30. Since it's your 20-to-30-year-olds who are the main overall drug-using population in the United States, *ordinarily* this is the age group that is most well-represented in ER dope cases (Over 2,500 people in their 20s were treated for cocaine ODs in '81, for instance, compared to just 387 teenagers.) OTC diet aids, in fact, is the *single* category of street drug, in all the DAWN ER stats, in which teenage kids outnumber adults.

It seems obvious, then, that children are taking drugstore OTC's, in huge numbers, by the fistful, in order to try to get high. Since young kids tend to be healthy, with few delicate blood-pressure problems to be aggravated by stimulant drugs, the number of them who manage to get in medical trouble with peashooters undoubtedly amounts

to a really infinitesimal proportion of all kids who do them. These DAWN ER stats constitute solid proof (as if any were needed) that peashooters really are peddled by scumbuckets in schoolyards, and that kids really are stupid enough to try to get decently high behind them.

On the other hand, other NIDA stats are a trifle more comforting. In their annual survey of high-school seniors ("Monitoring the Future," it's called), NIDA this year reports that although the number of kids who try "stimulants" keeps rising, the number of kids who do them with any regularity is on the decline nowadays. Even dumb, drug-hungry teenagers can *learn*, from the looks of it.

As for the two children who were indeed killed by peashooters in 1981, that takes some explaining. They both died in Albuquerque (which is not covered by the DAWN system) within the span of a month that year; and by the FDA's count, besides 10 peashooter-associated suicides since 1979, these two young boys are the only people, of any age, that have ever been killed by peashooters.

Dr. Bernie Bernard, the former Albuquerque medical investigator who worked on both bodies, confesses total puzzlement. Neither boy had particularly high blood levels of PPA or caffeine; neither had, in fact, done more than two peashooter capsules (both OTC diet aids) before falling sick. Yet one was brought to St. Joseph's Hospital unconscious, while the other walked in, delirious, and lapsed into coma; both died within three days of admittance. In neither case were any other drugs involved, except for a negligible amount of alcohol—a few swallows of beer—in the case of one kid. Moreover, Dr. Bernard did full postmortems in both cases, and found no indication in either of any underlying circulatory condition that may have made these boys especially susceptible to raised blood pressure.

Raised blood pressure—"significant hypertension of short duration"—is about the *only* condition that sends people to ERs after taking peashooters. People will be seized with tightness in the chest, headache, ringing in the ears, dizziness and/or nausea, and go looking for help. Since working on these two mortalities in the summer of 1981, Dr. Bernard has studied the histories of hundreds of peashooter-associated ER visits, and seen nothing similar. Peashooter-induced hypertension (most often a reaction to the *caffeine*, not the

PPA or ephedrine) generally clears itself up, with little or no treatment, within a few hours. Cases most often present at the ER walk in under their own power, and leave the same way, the same day.

Still and all, in the case of these two young boys in Albuquerque in 1981, peashooters were the likeliest cause of death, simply because there was no other conceivable cause. Dr. Barry Diskant, the St. Joseph's ER physician who admitted the boys, has speculated that there may be some people in the general population who are uniquely allergic to PPA. A top FDA official speculated likewise to HIGH TIMES: "Maybe they would have caught cold, taken a Contac and died. Who knows?" (Contac contains as much PPA as any peashooter on the market: 150 milligrams, the federally imposed top limit.)

Yet this speculation is hardly satisfactory to the forensic mind. Of all the millions and millions of people who have taken peashooters between 1979 and 1983, why should only two healthy young boys accidentally die from them, in the same New Mexico city, in the same summer of 1981? If there's a portion of the general population uniquely susceptible to PPA, or any other peashooter ingredient, then it should certainly have shown up in a less freakish fashion than this, by now. But the fact is, peashooters have never killed anyone else, before or since the summer of '81, anywhere else in the country, except for 10 suicides. And there haven't been any successful peashooter suicides since that summer either, as far as the federal government knows about.

The summer of 1981, as we are about to see, was a critical period in the federal government's media war against the Look-alike Menace. It would be well-nigh irresistible to speculate that the feds bribed, blackmailed or otherwise induced the Albuquerque medical investigator's office into listing look-alikes as the murderer of these two boys—until you talk to Dr. Bernard, the man who worked on the bodies. Bernard is as honestly mystified about it as anyone else in the world.

Death to Look-Alikes

The Look-alike Menace was crushed by the feds in two well-defined "crack-downs," in the summers of 1981 and 1982.

Oh, individual peashooter *busts* had been going down all along, but not very satisfactorily. In the spring of 1980, some scumbucket in Virginia was popped for *literally* peddling fake yellow jackets and black beauties around

the local schoolyards. "Candy Man" he was called by the Fairfax County cops, and it was appropriate. All they could get him on was the lousy paper charge of "mislabeling," though; he was packing his peashooters in pharmacy vials labeled with the typewritten names of script speed. "They were nasal decongestants," snorted a cop, "or caffeine that wasn't any stronger than yesterday's coffee."

That's always been the problem cops face with trying to bust for peashooters. The drugs aren't dangerous, and they're not controlled by any specific statute. The entire racket was, in fact, absolutely 100 percent legitimate, from the dope makers all the way down to the street buyers, before the feds stepped in with new laws in 1981. The only person liable to arrest was the guy at the very bottom of the pipe, who sold the stuff on the street, and *he* (or *she*, probably, more often than not) was only liable for arrest for mislabeling the stuff, or otherwise misrepresenting it in a way that could be proven in a court of law.

The first thing that always seemed to come to the law-enforcement mind as grounds for bust was *fraud*, for some reason. "The whole gimmick of this garbage," Illinois attorney general Tyrone Fahner kept saying, as he conducted his fantastic two-year look-alike crusade, "is it's made and manufactured to look like a real contraband substance, which means that you're trying to fool someone." Ty Fahner just never seems to have understood that conventional laws governing fraud, truth in packaging and general consumer protection just don't *apply* to people who believe they're engaged in the romantic crime of acquiring a scheduled controlled substance on the black market. There is no law which obliges the police to protect the consumer in illicit drug transactions, nor *should* there be. Cops in scores of jurisdictions have gone after peashooter vendors with fraud statutes, but it's always been a long walk to a very dry hole, even if you can hang the dirt bag on some piddling violation of the local health-and-safety codes, it's just not worth the *trouble* of a whole criminal investigation, with backup narcs and videotape cameras and all.

In fact, considering the negligible health risk that peashooters clearly pose to the U.S. public, it may be hard for some to understand why the feds ever bothered to go after the silly things to begin with. But the people who can't understand that are probably blissfully impervious to the shock that most

Americans feel when they first see a handful of gorgeous green-and-clear spansules, chock full of spicy looking time-release granules, with something very like the Smith Kline logo printed on the translucent green half. (As a former speed freak myself, I can testify that my whole autonomic nervous system sat up, the first time I beheld a clutch of look-alike Dexamyls, and panted like a puppy dog.)

And here are all these scumbuckets, all over the country, peddling their pornographic ersatz Dexies, yellow jackets, black beauties and white crosses in *schoolyards*! This is exactly the sort of thing that always brings heat down hard on government regulatory agencies like the FDA and the DEA.

The period 1979-1981, of course, was the heyday of the "neoconservative" political renaissance in U.S. politics. The Reaganauts, knowing no shame at all when it came to exploiting choice emotional social issues, jumped all over peashooters. Their "parents groups" besieged the feds with outraged and heartbroken form letters, raving about "look-alike drugs" and promising that their anointed movie-idol candidate, once in the saddle in Washington, would obliterate any civil servant who didn't take action against peashooters now.

The FDA and DEA, therefore, got increasingly vocal themselves about peashooters as time went on. For the DEA, this was no problem. From 1979 on, in innumerable speeches and press releases, the DEA incessantly enumerated the clear and present dangers of look-alikes, or "imitation controlled substances". The things are so *weak*, a kid has to take a whole fistful just to get a respectable rattle on; so when this kid stumbles across a fistful of the *real thing*, the kid's likely to gobble it all at once, with lethal results. (The DEA has never been able to explain how a kid, or anyone of any age, could fail to tell the difference between peashooters that cost maybe 30 cents apiece, and real amphetamines that cost maybe \$5 apiece.) Look-alikes are "training wheels for the drug culture," inculcating "habits of drug abuse in children and other people who do not ordinarily abuse drugs." (Again, the question arises of why the police should waste the *decent* taxpayer's money on children, or anyone else, to preempt the exercise of an obviously criminal inclination. We do not hire the police as babysitters.) The police in general, DEA handouts incessantly reiterated, are "confounded" when, after a whole lot of time and risk has been expended, a busted "drug pusher" turns

out to have been merely pushing *legal* stimulants; this demoralizes the cops from going after pill vendors at all, 'tis said, and thus real speed traffickers flourish. (To which the response is simply this: if speed traffickers are flourishing for any reason, then the police aren't doing the job we pay them for.) About the only remotely decent excuse the DEA ever concocted for chasing after look-alikes was the confusion that might exist in the mind of an ER doc who, presented with a patient suffering from a hypertensive crisis, looks at the patient's stash, sees black beauties, and initiates treatment for Biphetamine overdose instead of caffeine-PPA-ephedrine overdose.

This ER scenario sounds quite compelling, at first take. Certainly the makers of look-alikes have gone to great pains to *really* make their stuff look like script speed, in the past. Pennwalt's gorgeous licorice black Biphetamine, for instance, is always imprinted with the mysterious number "18-875," for no good reason. Peashooter vendors merely put in orders for all-black caps imprinted with "18-168," or some such tiny modification. Preludin, the popular phenmetrazine pills from Boehringer Ingelheim, are marked "BI 72" in the popular 75-mg dosage; the DEA has seen thousands of "Preludin" boots marked 'BT-72." Pennwalt's delicious Ionamin yellow jackets are always marked "RJS" so you order yellow caps marked "RUS," and the deception is invisible to the naked eye. Once, in fact, the Parke-Davis drug company furnished *one million* empty yellow capsules, specially marked "RJA," to the same Long Island caffeine company that supplied old Peashooter Saye himself.

So certainly an ER tech, presented with a dazed, hyperventilating, hypertensive patient, and a sample handful of licorice black capsules marked "18-876," might well decide to initiate antihypertensive therapy, in hopes of getting the patient out of a Biphetamine overdose. The thing is, it could hardly do any *harm*. The problem with most peashooter overdoses is exactly the same as with most amphetamine overdoses: hypertension. In neither case is antihypertensive therapy going to do any *harm*, for goodness' sake. A less common complication of peashooters is toxic psychosis; but again, the procedures for dealing with peashooter-induced psychosis is exactly the same as that for amphetamine-induced psychosis. PPA, caffeine and ephedrine all work in the body in much the same way as amphetamines, with the same

There is no law which obliges the police to protect the consumer in illicit drug transactions.

general side effects; procedures for dealing with ODs on all these drugs are essentially the same. So it really doesn't *matter* much if your ER tech mistakes your Dietacs, from their appearance, for Dexamyls or whatever, as long as your symptoms get tended to, it's not going to make any material difference.

None of these common-sense quibbles, sadly, in any way mitigates the shock-horror impact which luridly colored pills and capsules, floating about the streets in uncontrolled, laissez-faire profusion, inflicts on the sensibilities of decent, drug-fearing Americans. Throughout 1979, after the FDA's OTC panel gave its virtual nihil obstat to PPA-based stimulants and diet aids, the peashooter business went unabashedly public. Pornographic advertisements for out-and-out "look-alike" peashooters moved out of the back pages of the women's magazines, and soon the ad pages of men's magazines, front and back—*Hustler*, *Dude*, *Gent*, *Swank*, even *Playboy* and *Penthouse*—were spilling over with depictions of technicolor caps and tabs, offered cheap in quantities of thousands. Even the "drug-culture magazine, *HIGH TIMES*," as the DEA is fond of calling us, plunged into look-alike peashooter ads in a big way during 1979. All this meant nothing but heat—savage *political* heat—for the FDA and DEA, which are supposedly commissioned to circumvent such public abominations. □

COMING NEXT MONTH

The DEA's hazy, crazy, lazy Model Imitation Controlled Substances Act... The FDA cranks up their Look-alikes Menace... The great media scare of '81... Dead Children revisited... Crack-down and Cleanup... Dr. Quincey to the rescue... A bizarre new development...

TEX-MEX SEX

Puberty for El Paso boys courageous enough to make the trip into Juarez can be one long fiesta grande—where the hookers are as hot as the enchiladas and can be had for about the same price. A tale of growing up and getting down, south of the border. by Chinga Chavin

"Out in the West Texas town of El Paso I fell in love with a Mexican girl"

—Marty Robbins

This is a tale of two cities: El Paso, Texas, and Juarez, Mexico. They are joined together at their downtown areas by a toll bridge. On foot, it cost two cents to enter Mexico and one cent to return to Texas. The close proximity of these two cultures, one starving for money and the other starving for sex, produced the ideal spawning ground for a little horny teenage depravity.

It was 1964 and El Paso had already entered the national limelight because of 33,000 Dexedrine spansules. These were the smuggled uppers that Johnny Cash accidentally overlooked as he tried to get through U.S. Customs. Cash was a skinny country singer then with a well-liked version of "Cool, Cool Water," and certainly no one gave a flying whiz if he was strung out on speed and about to do two years in a maximum-security queeratorium.

It was the best of times, and it was the worst of times—Texas was on the national shit list for hosting the JFK hit but Texans were secretly smug because the new *el presidente*, (LBJ), was one of their own-homegrown-good-old-boys.

I got off to a problem puberty—the real deformative years. I was 15 and still a nervous virgin. I say, "still" because 15 was a ripe old age for a boy to still be a cherry in El Paso. Because in that windy, West Texas town, there was an accessibility to border nookie and beyond that is difficult to describe without sounding like a big mouth with early toilet-training problems.

Juarez is the third largest city in Mexico and the largest city on the 1,500-mile stretch of Rio Grande border that separates the greedy from the needy. With half a million people, it is larger than El Paso, so whatever decadence the border may have bred and incited, Juarez had more of it to offer.

But despite this fantastic access to rental sex, there was one huge obstacle every teenager who wanted to get laid in Juarez had to face. He had to get over the fear of violating direct orders prohibiting solo border crossings. Teen jaunts to "J." Town were absolutely taboo in every family. Fathers and mothers seemed to intuit that the Mexican border represented some sort of flimsy white picket fence around the Tree of Knowledge.

El Paso was so much the "City of Lost Cherries" that ordinances were enacted, like ten o'clock curfews for those under 18 returning from Mexico. These curfews were designed only to halt the teen traffic from J. Town and were never enforced anywhere but at border crossings. Juvenile officers waited at the bridge to pounce on the underaged traveler and impound him until he was claimed by his unsuspecting, naive parents.

Yet, with the biological certainty that causes salmon to swim upstream to die, and grunion to run ashore with the full moon, El Paso boys still managed to spend their allowance money on rental pussy in Juarez. And if they were afraid to go to the source, sometimes the source commuted to them.

El Paso nurtured a particular socio-sexual form of sport-fucking known as "Banging Mom's Maid." Most middle-class mothers hired housekeepers from among Juarez's desperately poor. These timid, illegal aliens were turned into virtual slaves for fifty cents an hour. Now this extremely low pay scale set the stage for profiteering, and a free market in the skin trade. Very few of these mothers ever suspected that their precious darling sons were buying discount sex from the help. Several years later, my own mother was more concerned with the fact that our maid was stealing approximately one pair of my socks per week than with knowing that the socks were merely a tip for excel-

lent sexual services rendered. The trick was getting mom to hire some young, attractive Mexican girl for a housekeeper. Then it was just a matter of threatening her with employment termination if she didn't play balls. If the family hired some ugly old hag to clean house, you just told your mother that you saw the maid hitting their liquor cabinet, and she was gone in a day.

But in my case, it was Juarez itself that held instant fascination for me and tugged at my gonads. This was hairy, though, because my own father was a crack Immigration and Naturalization attorney transferred to El Paso where the Wetback Deportation Business was always booming. He was intensely fanatical about my never going to Juarez, lest I might create an incident that would reverberate through the acoustical tiles of the Federal Building. But even this awesome threat of disgracing my own father and impairing his position with the Justice Department wasn't enough to forestall the call of Juarez and the primal urges of my rampant (teen-age) glands.

So it was, that with the icy logic and meticulous planning of an anal-retentive ax murderer, I mapped out each detail of my first weekend conjugal visit with J. Town. In my methodic madness, I tried to think of every possible scenario for disaster and then do contingency planning to avert it. I even remembered not to whack off for 48 hours prior to launch time. I wanted to heighten the experience and keep myself pure for my first hooker.

It was D day minus seven hours on a windy West Texas Friday afternoon when I hooked up with my only real friend, Doyle Stevens. Doyle was a lanky, likable native Texan with fast acne and a slow drawl. He figured prominently in my plans, since I knew that I didn't want to get into this Juarez thing alone. Doyle was not the type to go for heavily premeditated sin. He was more



likely to be disobedient on impulse, which was why I had waited until the last possible moment to tell him about our mission.

Like me, Doyle was still cherry. But he had been fearfully victimized by his pediatrician father, Dr. Doyle Stevens, Sr. Dr. Daddy prescribed for his son, Doyle, bizarre medical threats and sickening stories about blindness and painful certain death that comes from V.D. Therefore, Doyle had been reluctant to risk the eyesight of his unborn fatherless children just for the most important thing in the whole world—live sex!

Nevertheless, I knew what had to be done. I played the scene out like a Marine Corps drill instructor graduating a class from boot camp into combat.

"Doyle, there's only two things we ever talk about—*tits* an' *ass*. It's all we think about—all we care about—an' neither of us have ever done it, not all the way with coming and everythin', right? Face it, man, we're never gonna get past the battle of the bra in El Paso; it's gotta be J. Town if we really wanna get laid! Think of it! It's so fuckin' cheap, it's lunch money! Billy Justin told me he porked a semiscab in Pig Alley for two bucks. Five bucks an' you got you a real dolly! C'mon, Doyle, I'm gettin' a rod just thinkin' about it..."

I could see a sort of half-committed glare in Doyle's eye. I knew he'd go along, but there was a good chance that the light of perverse science might prevent him from devirginizing himself. I settled for the companionship, and we were all set to meet at the Fiesta drive-in theater at 8:30.

This particular outdoor theater, the Fiesta, was the traditional premarital ground for horny teenage Texans. On any weekend, there was an intense panorama of several hundred four-wheeled love nests bouncing up and down, while 40 pairs of legs dangled out of the side windows of smaller cars.

I got there early and waited for Doyle. There was something hypnotic about that starry Texas night filled with the sounds of squeaking springs, giggling and heavy breathing. The tediously ineffective petting, coupled with sporadic screams of "Please don't do that!" confirmed all my feelings about the chances of getting laid in El Paso. Doyle showed up late, out of breath and with a wild look in his eye. He started blurting out excuses about why he couldn't risk doing it himself, but how he'd go along with me anyway.

So we took off from the Fiesta, drove downtown and parked by the bridge,

on the U.S. side. El Paso locals usually walked across the Cordoba Bridge because of the nightmare stories about auto accidents in Juarez—incidents where the car is permanently impounded and the driver tortured.

As you walk across the bridge, you can look down on three feet of mucky, muddy water where the Rio Grande runs shallow. Mexican kids stand waist high in the river, holding long wooden poles with cardboard funnels mounted on the ends for catching the money thrown to them by the *touristas*. I've seen kids making incredible diving catches to save a quarter from the muddy Rio—catches that would earn them a tryout in the major leagues.

Doyle and I both knew that this was no ordinary crossing with the family for the Sunday bullfights. It was our first night solo, and we were only too aware of the potential dangers as we set foot on the main drag, Juarez Avenue.

J. Town was an awesome nightscape of bright lights, hustlers, booze and hookers: a vision of geeks, strippers, taxi-driving pimps, nickel beers, skin flicks, drugs and an "Anything can be bought" mentality. For me, it was love at first sight.

We knew we wanted to go to Pig Alley, the legendary meat market, so we raced through the main drag with all its colorful poverty. We ignored the street vendors with the wallet-size pictures of nuns and dogs—the "Psst, hey, commere, boys" guys who make a mint selling their little bottles of Spanish Fly, a cloudy liquid with particles in suspension that any veteran of the border would recognize as Juarez tap water.

Pig Alley was a section of Juarez located on the unpaved secondary streets that paralleled the main drag. It was an area devoted entirely to bars and whorehouses. At all hours there was a furious stream of soldiers, *touristas* and teenagers scurrying from joint to joint looking for a lease on the ultimate bargain body.

My mind was racing with details as we hit Pig Alley: Don't pay over five dollars. Don't get suckered into buying the unknown hooker a lot of expensive dummy drinks, like purple Kool-Aid in a salt-rimmed margarita glass. Don't forget the rubbers.

Me an' Doyle dipped in and out of a couple of clubs, where I did a quality-control check on the available rentals. In this type of situation it's not a question of what you want, but really what you *don't* want. The idea is to get turned on by a girl before your intellect begins assessing her worth as a hooker.

We hit some of Pig Alley's classic clubs: The Taxico, The White Lady, El Submarino, but no one I saw felt exactly right. This wasn't like the countless nights in El Paso cruising around to find some girl to flirt or make out with. This was literally shopping for a guaranteed lay from a stranger. And some of the strangers looked very strange. They wore the routine J. Town whore ensemble—propped-up tits and hairy legs mashed down by nylon hose—eye makeup like a raccoon on acid—bodies poured into bulging-tight, long satin dresses. I'm sure that mixing the complex hormonal awakenings of my first sexual experience with bargain hunting produced a strange emotional stew in my brain pan. To be sure, none of this was doing my psychosexual mind much good. But it was either philosophize or fuck, and I wasn't about to risk parental excommunication just to do some window shopping. It was Marlin Perkins time—stalking the Great North American Border Hooker with live ammo.

Why, exactly, I picked the Club Conquistador to spot my quarry, or vice versa, I'll never know for sure. So many of my lines of fate ran in and out of that scumbag whorehouse. Nevertheless, I've always suspected that whatever Pig Alley bar I might have chosen that night was destined to loom large in my life.

(During my ensuing years in El Paso, I socially defected to Juarez, and one summer worked as a bartender at The Conquistador, which became my home base in J. Town.)

Doyle and I strolled into the club. "Hang On, Sloopy" was carping out in Spanish on the jukebox, and I was felled like an electrocuted cow in the stockyards by a primal beauty—sensuously pagan—a green-eyed, dark-skinned Juarez working girl, right out of a Ricardo Montalban wet dream.

"Doyle, I'm in love," I moaned. "Check that Chicana out."

There she was, straddling a soldier at the bar. I was staring semidiscreetly at her, and she kept staring back, which made me very nervous, since soldiers ("doggies," as they were called in J. Town) have been known to get vicious when threatened with the loss of a hooker who they've known for almost four minutes.

I got my only lucky break of the night when the doggie hustling my potential first piece of ass fell off his bar stool, stupored out. Before his buddies had carried him halfway to the door, my

quarry was standing over me trumpeting her advertising slogan.

"Oye' Cherry, sucky-fucky for five dollars? Hey, Cherry, *vamos al cuarto!*"

I always was a sucker for a smooth line, so I moved over and she sat next to me, expertly checking my crotch for a hard-on. She giggled at my excitement, a giggle which drove the price higher than my penis. I asked her in my best broken-Spanish, "*Quantos, Chiquita?*"

She came back with a firm, "Hey, Cherry, buy me a drink?"

God, she had me pegged not only as a kid, but as a virgin; and as a result, I was losing control of the entire situation. I bought her a two-dollar Kool-Aid and had a Zombie myself. At this point, I was prepared to be penis-wise and pound-foolish.

Our drinks came and we crashed against the language barrier for 10 more minutes before I suggested again, "*Vamos al cuarto, Bonita!*"

She tried to parlay my desperation into another Kool-Aid, but I protested in a whine. She responded begrudgingly to my plea, breaking our little mood with a crackling-loud, "Cheapskate Cherry, *pinche' pendejo chinga tu madre*. All right, we go fucky in the room."

We were apparently having our first little spat and bargaining session.

I opened with a bid of three dollars, two dollars under what she wanted.

She countered beautifully:

"Go to hell, cheapskate Cherry! You no like me enough to pay ten dollars? *Que paso*, Cherry, you queer or something?"

We struck an uneasy compromise at five dollars, which was her original price before I created the climate of combat by haggling. She motioned me to follow her to the bar, where the bartender handed her a small, marked poker chip. This was to redeem her kickback for the dummy drink I had bought her. Then she reached under the bar and took a key to one of the rooms in the back of the club. This was the first time I was aware that Doyle had disappeared.

She led me down a stark, narrow hallway that smelled like puke, cheap perfume and Lysol—passed many closed doors to a tiny room with a bed. She instructed me to wait in the room and get undressed. So far it was a lot more like going to the allergist than getting laid.

The room was virtually bare of all trappings except for a luminous painting on velvet of Jesus with a burning lamp where his heart should be, and a solitary roll of toilet paper on top of a dresser with no drawers. One bare light

bulb hung from the ceiling. Nice.

While I obediently undressed, I noticed that the erection I had been nursing along for the last three hours was gone. Suddenly, a small elderly woman dressed up like a nurse crept out of the woodwork and demanded to examine my penis. Being naked creates a more psychologically submissive response to such demands, so I let her cradle my sagging member in her shriveled-up hands. The she milked it for signs of disease secretions.

"Chure. Okay, Cherry, gimme twenty five cents!"

I complied again, fumbling through my pants to find a quarter, and wondering why I hadn't felt embarrassed in front of this stranger—it must have been the nurse's uniform.

I tried desperately to work myself into the mood for my first encounter of the close kind, but panic overtook me when I realized that I couldn't remember what my "girl" looked like! I simply wasn't able to visualize a single detail about her appearance. So there I was, left in a disgusting room with a faceless fantasy, trying to get hot over the whole thing.

Before the problem was resolved, a decrepit old man walked in with towels to rent and rubbers to sell. The scent of dumb money travels fast in Juarez. I handed him a dime to use a towel but declined on the rubbers, which were folded, spindled and mutilated. I was, naturally, carrying my own Fourx Lamb's Skins, which were state-of-the-art prophylactics back then. They were the Rolls Royce of rubbers—made out of the nonpermeable intestinal lining of unborn sheep.

Three seconds after the old man walked out, in walked my rental-lover to be. I thanked God that she looked vaguely familiar. Before I could utter any nervous banalities, she'd swiftly undressed with the practiced flurry of a heart surgeon. Unfortunately, she only disrobed down to a long black corset. It covered all of her erogenous zones, yet had a hole in the crotch to allow for successful insertion without removal of the garment. Obviously this psychosexual bummer had to be corrected. It wasn't like I had seen that many naked women that I could afford to pass up the opportunity. A second round of negotiations resulted in a two-dollar surcharge for removal of the corset. As she took off the evil thing, she mumbled, "*Pinche' cabron, gringo perverso!*"

In Juarez, it was an act of perversion to want to screw naked. Mexico has some of the most religious and prudish

In Juarez,
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whores in
the world.

whores in the world.

It was then that I noticed she had a small tattoo of a hammer and sickle on her thigh. That tattoo will always be the Mona Lisa smile in my life, because I've never been able to figure out why it was there. For some reason, none of this seemed to break my concentration enough to keep me from getting a sufficient hard-on to put on both my rubbers that I carried in my wallet next to my social-security card.

She hopped into bed in one effortless, overrehearsed motion. Predictably, I had absolutely no say in the selection of positions. From the way she was lying on her back with that bored, impatient look of a senior executive running late, I knew it would be the mandatory missionary position all the way. In Juarez, anything else would have been considered unthinkable sodomy and would cost at least 10 bucks more.

This was it, or so it seemed... The culmination of a thousand fantasies... The truest ritual of manhood... Jump-off time... Prepare to mount... Seduce and destroy...

Even now, 17 years later, I still can't believe what I did, much less understand it. Instead of leaping on top of her, screaming a rebel yell and mindlessly porking her like a Brahma bull, I asked her what her name was, and I told her mine. My Spanish was right out of a dialogue I was forced to memorize in

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REEFER MADNESS:

The History of Marijuana in America

Part III: Marihuana Tax Act Hearings of 1937. by Larry Sloman

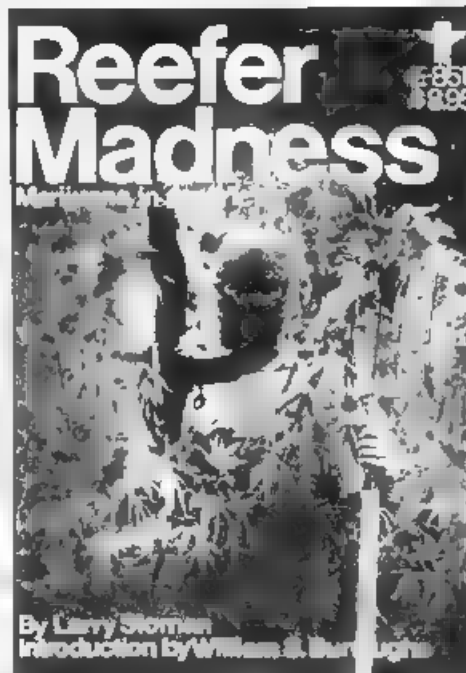
For the next few months after that January conference, Anslinger began gearing up his campaign. With a collaborator, he worked on the *American Magazine* story. He gave speeches, went on the radio, sent out his agents; he sicced the Anslinger army of women's clubbers, temperance freaks and PTA moyens on an unsuspecting public. And all in preparation for the hearings on H R. 6385 Representative Doughton's House version of the Treasury Department's Marihuana Tax Act. And on Tuesday morning, April 27, 1937, the hearings began.

The show began with Clinton Hester, assistant to Herman Oliphant [counsel to the Treasury Department], giving a broad background into the bill, explaining the constitutional difficulties that would ensue if marijuana were simply tacked onto the Harrison Act. But it was clear after a few minutes that—the protestations of the legitimate hemp industry notwithstanding—Oliphant's boys were out to deal the evil weed a deathblow, even while allowing ludicrous loopholes in the act with respect to personal consumption.

Near the end of his summation, Hester provided a brief glimpse into the department's strategy

In the final analysis, after the committee has given full consideration to the subject of marihuana, it is not beyond the realm of possibility that the committee may conclude that the legitimate uses of marihuana are so negligible as compared to the injurious effect it has upon the public health and morals of the people of this country, that the committee will conclude to impose a prohibitive tax upon the production, manufacture, and sale of marihuana, and thus discourage its use in any form in this country.

The proposed bill was unique in that



the meat of its provisions called for a prohibitive tax upon unauthorized transfers of marijuana. For transfers among people who register and pay a yearly tax under the bill, that is, legitimate transfers, the tax was one dollar an ounce; for illegitimate transfers, the tax was a mere \$100 an ounce. At that time, cannabis was going for thirty-eight cents a pound on the licit market. The idea of this prohibitive tax was borrowed from the recently enacted National Firearms Act, and its use here, according to Hester, was "to stop high school children from getting marijuana."

The first witness was Mr. Anslinger. And from his opening statement on, it seems clear that Harry had scoured all his files, scanned all his old notes, copped whatever he could from articles, letters, pulp magazines—and had strung them together for the benefit of the unenlightened congressmen.

Mr. Chairman and distinguished members of the Ways and Means Committee, this traffic in marihuana is increasing to such an extent that it has come to be the cause for the greatest national concern. This drug is as old as civilization itself. Homer wrote about it, as a drug which made men forget their homes, and that turned them into swine. In Persia, a thousand years before Christ, there was a religious and military order founded which was called the Assassins, and they derived their name from the drug called hashish, which is now known in this country as marihuana. They were noted for their acts of cruelty, and the word "assassin" very aptly describes the drug... Marihuana is the Mexican term for cannabis Indica. We seem to have adopted the Mexican terminology, and we call it marihuana, which means good feeling. In the underworld it is referred to by such colorful, colloquial names as reefer muggles, Indian hay, hot hay and weed... Here we have a drug that is not like opium. Opium has all the good of Dr. Jekyll and all the evil of Mr. Hyde. This drug is entirely the monster Hyde, the harmful effect of which cannot be measured.

But when the questioning began, it was clear that the marijuana menace had not touched upon the Washington solons too strongly:

Mr. Dingell: I want to be certain what this is. Is this the same weed that grows wild in some of our Western States which is sometimes called the loco weed?

Mr. Anslinger: No, sir; that is another family.

Mr. Dingell: That is also a harmful drug-producing weed, is it not?

Mr. Anslinger: Not to my knowledge, it is not used by humans.

Chairman Doughton: In what particular sections does this weed grow wild?

Mr. Anslinger: In almost every State in

the Union today.

Mr. Reed: What you are describing is a plant which has a rather large flower?

Mr. Anslinger: No, sir, a very small flower.

After that discouraging exchange, Anslinger got right into the meat of the issue, his gore report. He trotted out all the familiar cases, stultifying the congressmen. But then he abruptly changed the subject and, in a revealing moment, attempted to differentiate the marijuana and opiate habits.

Mr. Anslinger: This drug is not being used by those who have been using heroin and morphine. It is being used by a different class, by a much younger group of people. The age of the morphine and heroin addict is increasing all the time, whereas the marijuana smoker is quite young.

Mr. Dingell: I am just wondering whether the marijuana addict graduates into a heroin, an opium or a cocaine user.

Mr. Anslinger: No, sir, I have not heard of a case of that kind. I think it is an entirely different class. The marijuana addict does not go in that direction.

Mr. Dingell: And the hardened narcotic user does not fall back on marijuana?

Mr. Anslinger: No, sir; he would not touch that.

We shall see how in a space of 15 years Anslinger will completely contradict himself, maintaining that the devil weed leads directly to the big H. At this point, however, the commissioner was not making a case for marijuana's harmlessness as much as pointing out the horrifying specter of a completely new menace that his poor, understaffed, underbudgeted department had to combat.

Anslinger coped with a few feeble questions from the congressmen and submitted a few statements for the record, among them Baskette's aforementioned "Spanish-speaking degenerate" letter, Gomilia's article and Stanley's "Developer of Criminals." Wednesday's hearings opened with more documents entered—letters urging passage of the bill from Anslinger's army units. Then, Dr. Munch took the witness stand.

Munch began by recounting his 10 years' experience with the Food and Drug Administration and his background in toxicology and pharmacology. But from his opening statement, Munch began to talk in advanced Casey Stengelese, losing most of the committee with each elaborate circle

"Drug-crazed nerve centers conjured the shoe-shiner into a destroying murderer."

he circumscribed

Dr. Munch: In connection with my studies of cannabis, or marijuana, I have followed its effects on animals and also, so far as possible, its effect upon humans. I find that the doses which are capable of producing effects must be very nearly poisonous doses, that is to say, small doses have little effect. The effect is directed first at the hind brain, or cerebellum, leading to a disturbance of the equilibrium, so that a man will go temporarily into a state resembling alcoholism. Larger doses tend to depress the heart. Continuous use will tend to cause the degeneration of one part of the brain, that part that is useful for higher or psychic reasoning, or the memory... Those are the disturbing and harmful effects that follow continued exposure to marijuana. Animals which show a particular susceptibility, that is, which show a response to a given dose, when they begin to show it will acquire a tolerance. We have to give larger doses as the animals are used over a period of 6 months or a year. This means that the animal is becoming habituated, and finally the animal must be discarded because it is no longer serviceable.

Mr. McCormack: We are more concerned with human beings than with animals. Of course I realize that those experiments are necessary and valuable, because so far as the effect is concerned, they have a significance also. But we would like to have whatever evidence you have as to the conditions existing in the country, as to what the

effect is upon human beings. Not that we are not concerned about the animals, but the important matter before us concerns the use of this drug by human beings.

As the questioning dragged on, Munch revealed his limited knowledge of the historical uses of marijuana. In response to a query about the medical uses of cannabis, he noted:

In the early days it was used in cases of sleeplessness and to make your last moments on earth less painful when you were dying from tetanus or rabies. There may be other uses, but I have not found them.

After a while, the congressmen began to lead Munch on, in a desperate attempt to focus the discussion:

Mr. McCormack: I take it that the effect is different upon different persons.

Dr. Munch: Yes, sir.

Mr. McCormack: There is no question but what this is a drug, is there?

Dr. Munch: None at all.

Mr. McCormack: There is no dispute about that?

Dr. Munch: No.

Mr. McCormack: Is it a harmful drug?

Dr. Munch: Any drug that produces the degeneration of the brain is harmful. Yes, it is.

Mr. McCormack: I agree with you on that, but I want to ask you these questions and have your answers for the record, because they will assist us in passing upon the legislation.

Dr. Munch: I have said it is a harmful drug.

Mr. McCormack: In some cases does it not bring about extreme inertia?

Dr. Munch: Yes, it does.

Mr. McCormack: And in other cases it causes violent irritability?

Dr. Munch: Yes, sir.

Mr. McCormack: And those results lead to a disintegration of personality, do they not?

Dr. Munch: Yes, sir.

Mr. McCormack: That is really the net result of the use of that drug, no matter what other effects there may be; its continued use means the disintegration of the personality of the person who uses it?

Dr. Munch: Yes; that is true.

Mr. McCormack: Can you give us any idea as to the period of continued use that occurs before this disintegration takes place?

Dr. Munch: I can only speak from my knowledge of animals. In some animals we see the effect after about 3 months,

while in others it requires more than a year when they are given the same dose **Mr. McCormack:** Are there not some animals on which it reacted, as I understand it, in a manner similar to its reaction on human beings? Is that right?

Dr. Munch: Yes, sir.

Mr. McCormack: Have you experimented upon any animals whose reaction to this drug would be similar to that of human beings?

Dr. Munch: The reason we use dogs is because the reaction of dogs to this drug closely resembles the reaction of human beings.

Mr. McCormack: And the continued use of it, as you have observed the reaction on dogs, has resulted in the disintegration of the personality?

Dr. Munch: Yes. So far as I can tell, not being a dog psychologist, the effects will develop in from 3 months to a year.

This of course would be the strongest scientific evidence the committee would hear during the course of the hearings. After Wollner testified briefly, the committee heard from Dr D E. Buckingham, a government veterinarian for the District of Columbia. The depth of his insight into this topic was evidenced in the first few minutes of his testimony:

Dr. Buckingham: Because of the immense amount of damage that this drug does, I would like to go on record as voting against the use of it by veterinarians in the District of Columbia. Unfortunately, I have not read the bill, but with reference to its use by veterinarians, I believe that the entire profession in the District would be behind me in vetoing its use in veterinary practice.

Again, the questioning was sharp:

Mr. Boehne: Is there any evidence to show that this plant is used by larger animals in nature? Will animals, whether wild or domestic, use it in their native state as a forage plant, or do they reject it?

Dr. Buckingham: This is a foreign drug, but I am not aware of animals' using it like they do loco weed on the western range. Would that be a parallel?

Mr. Boehne: Yes. Where it is scattered around through its use as bird seed and grows along the fences, would a grazing cow eat it?

Dr. Buckingham: No, sir. They might by mistake.

Mr. Boehne: Would they reject it?

Dr. Buckingham: I believe they would.



Harry said Thomas Cook (above) was the victim of a pot-crazed murderer.

Mr. Boehne: Naturally, they would not prefer to eat it.

Dr. Buckingham: Yes, sir. Of course, animals eat a number of plants that are of no benefit to them. As they graze, animals will leave aside noxious weeds which might possibly be put in this same category.

And that was the extent of the case the department made for its bill. Anslinger with some horror stories; Munch, a pharmacologist making inferences about human behavior based on experiments with dogs, experiments which he admitted he was not qualified to interpret. The paucity of substance in the government's arguments is amazing. In fact, it was not until the hostile witnesses appeared before the committee that the substance of the issue was revealed. First up was Ralph Lozier, the general counsel for the National Institute of Oilseed Products. This was a trade association of about 20 firms who utilized hemp-seed oil in such various products as paint, soap and linoleum, and who, under the provisions of the bill, would suddenly be regulated by the Bureau of Narcotics in the Department of Treasury.

Lozier began by going on record supporting the portion of the bill that dealt with limiting and suppressing the use of marijuana as a drug. However, he waxed eloquently in opposing the regulation, under this bill, of the entire hemp-seed oil industry.

Respectable authorities tell us that in the

Orient at least 200,000,000 people use this drug; and when we take into consideration that for hundreds, yes, thousands of years, practically that number of people have been using this drug, it is significant that in Asia and elsewhere in the Orient, where poverty stalks abroad on every hand and where they draw on all the plant resources which a bountiful nature has given that domain—it is a significant fact that none of those 200,000,000 people has ever, since the dawn of civilization, been found using the seed of this plant or using the oil as a drug. Now if there were any deleterious properties or principles in the seed or oil, it is reasonable to suppose that these Orientals who have been reaching out in their poverty for something that would satisfy their morbid appetite, would have discovered it... If the committee please, the hemp seed, or the seed of the Cannabis sativa L., is used in all the Oriental nations and also in a part of Russia as food. It is grown in their fields and used as oatmeal. Millions of people every day are using hemp seed in the Orient as food. They have been doing that for many generations, especially in periods of famines... The point I make is this, that this bill is too all-inclusive. This bill is a world-encircling measure. This bill brings the activities, the crushing of this great industry, under the supervision of a bureau, which may mean its suppression. Last year there was imported into the U.S. 62,813,000 pounds of hemp seed, in 1935 there was imported 116,000,000 pounds...

Lozier was objecting to both the fees required for the licensing process and

the supervision in the form of reports that would be generated. He ran into trouble, though, in convincing the aroused congressmen that these imported seeds did not carry with them the blueprints for the destruction of Western civilization.

However, by the next morning, Hester reported that an agreement had been reached in private session whereby the hemp-seed industry agreed to pay the occupational tax if the definition of marijuana was changed to eliminate the oil made from the seeds and the meal and cake made from the crushed seeds. Friday's session featured the next great industry threatened by this measure, the birdseed industry. Raymond G. Scarlett began his testimony by regretting that only two representatives of the seed industry could appear, since their trade association was in session in Chicago. However, his plight soon became apparent.

Mr. Scarlett: We handle a considerable quantity of hemp-seed annually for use in pigeon feeds. . . We have not been able to find any seed that will take its place. If you substitute anything for the hemp, it has a tendency to change the character of the squabs produced, and if we were deprived of the use of hemp seed, it would affect all of the pigeon producers in the United States, of which I understand there are upwards of 40,000.

Chairman Doughton: Does that seed have the same effect on pigeons as the drug has on individuals?

Mr. Scarlett: I have never noticed it. It has a tendency to bring back the feathers and improve the birds. We are not interested in spreading marihuana, or anything like that. We do not want to be drug peddlers. But it has occurred to us that if we could sterilize the seed there would be no possibility of the plants being produced from the seeds that the pigeons might throw on the ground.

But what a bombshell Scarlett just threw—the idea of sterilizing the birdseed to keep both the treasury men and the birds happy. It was a compromise that found its way into the final draft of the bill.

But with further questioning, Mr. Disney, one of the congressmen, continued to remain confused with respect to the difference between field hemp and marijuana. Hester came to the rescue, repeating that marijuana was just a colloquial Mexican term for the flowered top and leaves of the hemp plant. Disney was not satisfied and re-

ferred to his copy of the bill, then raised a new issue.

Mr. Disney: I notice that in section 1, at the beginning of the bill, in subdivision (c) it says that the producer is one—"who (1) plants, grows, cultivates or in any way facilitates the natural growth of marihuana, (2) harvests and transfers or makes use of marihuana; or (3) fails to destroy marihuana within 10 days after notice that such marihuana is growing upon the land under his control." To what extent do you expect to go along that line, where it is an ordinary weed?

Mr. Hester: The person on whose land the plant was growing wild would be notified by the Treasury Department that he had this plant growing on his land, and if he did not destroy the weed, he would become a producer under the bill and subject to the tax. He would not be committing a crime if he failed to cut it and would merely have to pay a tax.

Mr. Lewis: Suppose he is not raising it for the market.

Mr. Hester: If a person cultivates it, he would be producing it; he would become a producer under the bill.

Mr. Lewis: Without raising it for the market?

Mr. Hester: That is right. That is the only way it can be handled, I believe. Since this plant will grow wild, a person might evade the occupational tax on producers by stating to the internal revenue agent that the plant was growing wild.

Mr. Lewis: You mean if he goes out and digs it up as a weed?

Mr. Hester: No, if you have a farm and it is growing on your farm wild, and the Government agent sees it growing there, and they notify you what it is, then you are required to destroy that. If you do not do it, then you become a producer and subject to the occupational tax.

Mr. Lewis: How widely distributed is it as a weed?

Mr. Hester: Mr. Anslinger said it will grow in practically all of the States wild.

Chairman Doughton: I would like to know about the process of destroying it, if it grows wild on a man's farm. I have had considerable experience in trying to destroy weeds, and it requires a lot of expense. Who would defray the expense required in fighting and destroying that weed?

Mr. Hester: This is the thing to remember, that if he did not destroy it, he would simply become a producer under this bill and have to pay a small occupational tax, and the Government would

know it is there. He doesn't have to destroy it if he does not want to, but if he does not, he pays a small occupational tax.

Mr. Lewis: How much?

Mr. Hester: \$25 a year.

Mr. Reed: I know something about farming, although I am not familiar with the manner in which this plant spreads. I know that we have tried on our farms to keep out certain weeds, but we could not do it because the expense is too great. You will have a revolution on your hands if, as you say, this plant grows generally throughout the country and you try to charge the farmers a tax of \$25, as you said.

It was clearly rough going for Hester. Despite the New Deal attitude that government had a responsibility in extending itself over areas of our citizens' lives that were formerly sacrosanct, Hester was imposing a burden on one of the traditional symbols of American free enterprise and rugged individualism—the American farmer. He was raising the specter of a G-man in the cornfields, snooping for concealed wild hemp. For the first time in the hearings, the department was on the defensive.

Mr. Hester: It does not seem to me to be an undue hardship to put a small occupational tax on a person who has this growing wild on his land. The Government could get no information whatsoever from him otherwise. It is the only way the Government could get any information as to where this is growing wild.

Mr. Reed: But the next step is to destroy this weed?

Mr. Hester: Not necessarily to destroy it, but so that the Government will know where it is. There is no provision in the bill that requires them to destroy it. It says to the farmer, if you do not destroy it within 10 days, you will have to qualify as a producer and pay a small occupational tax.

Mr. Reed: What is the Government going to do then, put a man there to watch it?

Mr. Hester: No.

Mr. Reed: How will it stamp it out?

Mr. Hester: In the final analysis, if the man, the farmer, does not want to pay the small occupational tax, he will have to destroy it himself, or Congress will have to make an appropriation for the Department of Agriculture which will permit them to send people throughout the country to stamp it out.

The discussion wore on with Reed

pressing the case of the small farmer combating a burgeoning menace beyond his control. The issue was not resolved in session, but by the time the bill passed the House and was presented to the Senate, the occupational tax had been lowered to five dollars and the third clause in the producer's section had been deleted, taking the burden of removal off the overworked farmer's hands. But the real challenge to the bill was to come the following Tuesday morning, May 4, when Dr. William C. Woodward of the American Medical Association would testify as a hostile witness to H.R. 6385.

Woodward was a strange rebel. He was both a doctor and a lawyer, and before he became the legislative counsel of the American Medical Association he was the health officer of the District of Columbia for 25 years, then the health commissioner of Boston from 1918 to 1922, when he went to work for the AMA. He enjoyed less than cordial relations with Anslinger, as his response to the commissioner's marijuana questionnaire showed, perhaps because of the aftermath of the Harrison Act, where thousands of doctors were arrested and intimidated by the Prohibition Unit, Narcotics Division.

Woodward made clear from the outset that he would be a hostile witness.

Mr. Chairman and gentlemen. It is with great regret that I find myself in opposition to any measure that is proposed by the Government, and particularly in opposition to any measure that has been proposed by the Secretary of the Treasury for the purpose of suppressing traffic in narcotics. I cooperated with Hamilton Wright in drafting the Harrison Narcotic Act. I have been more or less in touch with the narcotic situation since that time. During the past two years I have visited the Bureau of Narcotics probably ten or more times. Unfortunately, I had no knowledge that such a bill as this was proposed until after it had been introduced.

After submitting some editorial matter from the *AMA Journal* for the record, Woodward, moving into his critique of the bill, maintained that the medicinal use of cannabis was in no way responsible for this marijuana menace:

In all that you have heard here thus far, no mention has been made of any excessive use of the drug by any doctor or its excessive distribution by any pharmacist. And yet the burden of this bill is placed heavily on the doctors and pharmacists of the

"Continuous use will tend to cause degeneration of one part of the brain..."

country, and I may say very heavily, most heavily, possibly of all, on the farmers of the country... The medicinal use [of Cannabis] has greatly decreased. The drug is very seldom used. That is partially because of the uncertainty of the effects of the drug... To say, however, as has been proposed here, that the use of the drug should be prevented by a prohibitive tax, loses sight of the fact that future investigation may show that there are substantial medical uses for cannabis.

After citing a few studies that admit the utility of cannabis preparations as sedatives and antispasmodics, and point to the use of cannabis as a valuable adjunct to psychoanalysis, Woodward unleashed a most articulate, scathing attack on the flimsy evidence that Anslinger and company presented in the first few days of hearings.

That there is a certain amount of narcotic addiction of an objectionable character no one will deny. The newspapers have called attention to it so prominently that there must be some grounds for their statements. It has surprised me, however, that the facts on which these statements have been based have not been brought before this committee by competent primary evidence. We are referring to newspaper publications concerning the prevalence of marijuana addiction. We are told that the use of marijuana causes crime.

But as yet no one has been produced from the Bureau of Prisons to show the number of prisoners who have been found addicted to the marijuana habit. An informal inquiry shows that the Bureau of Prisons has no evidence on that point.

You have been told that schoolchildren are great users of marijuana cigarettes.

No one has been summoned from the Children's Bureau to show the nature and extent of the habit, among children.

Inquiry of the Children's Bureau shows that they have had no occasion to investigate it and know nothing particularly of it.

Inquiry of the Office of Education—and they certainly should know something of the prevalence of the habit among the schoolchildren of the country, if there is a prevalent habit—indicated that they have had no occasion to investigate and know nothing of it.

Moreover, there is in the Treasury Department itself, the Public Health Service, with its Division of Mental Hygiene. The Division of Mental Hygiene was, in the first place, the Division of Narcotics. It was converted into the Division of Mental Hygiene, I think, about 1930. That particular Bureau has control at the present time of the narcotics farms that were created about 1929 or 1930 and came into operation a few years later. No one has been summoned from that Bureau to give evidence on that point.

Informal inquiry by me indicates that they have had no record of any marijuana or Cannabis addicts who have ever been committed to those farms.

The Bureau of the Public Health Service also has a division of pharmacology. If you desire evidence as to the pharmacology of Cannabis, that obviously is the place where you can get direct and primary evidence, rather than the indirect hearsay evidence.

Woodward, however, did not argue that cannabis should not be controlled. He felt that the Bureau of Narcotics was mandated by the United States Code, title 21, section 198, to work directly with the states "in the suppression of the abuse of narcotic drugs... and to that end he [the secretary of the treasury] is authorized (1) to cooperate in the drafting of such legislation as may be needed... and (2) to arrange for the exchange of information concerning the use and abuse of narcotic drugs in said States and for cooperation in the institution and persecution of cases in the courts of the United States and before the licensing boards and courts of the several states." So Woodward laid the blame on the Treasury Department for not acting since 1930 on this menace.

After questioning whether the use of marijuana constituted a "menace," Woodward went on to critique the shotgun features of the bill:

That means that every potential owner of land in the United States is a potential and maybe an unwitting producer of mari-

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huana. If the weed springs up on his land without his knowledge, he may have to go out and cut it, on notice... Incidentally, at this point, there is one provision in the section that I have just read that I feel confident may have escaped the notice of the Secretary of the Treasury when he recommended the introduction of this bill because under the section that I have just read anyone who makes use of marihuana is a producer. As a producer, he must be taxed, but he apparently has the right to pay that tax and obtain the drug as a matter of course. Reduced to its last analysis that means that any addict that can afford to raise the tax can go in and register as a producer and can then obtain such of the drug as he wants on order forms, for his own use. That, it seems to me, must be clearly an oversight.

Coming back now to the question of State laws, I think admittedly they are weak. They have laws. But if the Federal Government, instead of proposing a law as is here proposed, will cooperate effectively with the States in the suppression, not only of marihuana addiction, but of opium and cocaine addiction, we shall get better results.

Hardly revolutionary critiques Woodward, so far, apart from embarrassing the committee with respect to the shoddy testimony that was scheduled, really was quite moderate in his attacks on the bill. From the point of view of a doctor, he was merely mouthing the AMA line that has held steadfast to this day: big government out of medical affairs. The Marihuana Tax Act was viewed as another encroachment into the sacrosanct free enterprise world of medicine. That doctors should have to register, pay one dollar a year in taxes and then keep copious records on a drug that was rarely used was the height of absurdity to Woodward.

But Woodward did offer glimpses of an ideology that was heretical to Commissioner Anslinger and his Bureau, especially in the years to come. For one, Woodward left open the question of the medical uses of marijuana. Anslinger, of course, was convinced there were none. But worse yet, Woodward, near the end of his testimony, offered an ideological scheme that would be diametrically opposed to the course that Anslinger's Bureau would take with respect to drug addicts. Woodward saw drug addicts as sick people, patients in need of treatment. Anslinger viewed the same people as fiends, the narcotics merely amplifying existent evil character structures. For Woodward one solution to the problem is education. An-

slinger would opt for electrocution.

Immediately after this opening statement, the committee members, as one, pounced on the good doctor. They challenged his credentials; they accused him of misrepresenting the AMA position; then even engaged in some New Deal bating, accusing him of obstructing social progress.

The more Woodward was grilled, the more the heresies tumbled out of his mouth. He suggested that any increase in the marijuana habit was a result of "newspaper exploitation of the habit," a suggestion that did not sit well with the committee. And, finally, after many hours of testimony—testimony that lasted more than three times longer than Anslinger's—Woodward was dismissed without so much as a thank you.

At the Senate hearings on July 12, 1937, the Clinton and Anslinger show resumed. Anslinger had updated his gore report. The senators were even more naive about the plant than the congressmen had been, and their questions revealed an ignorance of the subject that was almost amusing. During his brief testimony, Anslinger circulated the photograph of the dead New Jersey murder victim, whose mutilated face had caused even the hardened coroner to turn away. One by one, the august senators perused the battered black face:

Mr. Anslinger: We have many cases of this kind.

Senator Brown: It affects them that way?

Mr. Anslinger: Yes.

Senator Davis: [viewing the photograph] Was there in this case a blood or skin disease caused by marihuana?

Mr. Anslinger: No; this is a photograph of the murdered man, Senator. It shows the fury of the murderer.

Senator Brown: That is terrible.

Mr. Anslinger: That is one of the worst cases that has come to my attention...

After a bit more cross-examination in which Anslinger repeated his House testimony, one senator finally had the presence to ask what the implications of the bill would be in terms of dollars and cents:

Senator Brown: Will this entail any considerable increase in personnel for the Department?

Mr. Hester: No, I do not think so.

Mr. Anslinger: No, sir.

So, after testimony from two hemp growers who succeeded in reducing the tax on producers from five dollars

to one dollar, the hearings were concluded. Mr. Woodward did not even bother to appear in person, but sent a perfunctory letter opposing the measure for the record.

Both committees reported the bill favorably, and on June 10, 1937, the bill came to the House floor. And it was clear from the debate that the prevailing attitude toward it was one of ignorance and nonchalance.

Mr. Snell: What is this bill?

Mr. Rayburn: It has something to do with something that is called marihuana. I believe it is a narcotic of some kind.

Mr. Fred M. Vinson: Marihuana is the same as hashish.

When the bill was voted on four days later, the act passed without a roll call after less than two pages of debate.

Upon passage, it received even less public attention. Most major newspapers made no mention of the new bill's passing Congress. Yet by the end of the summer, President Roosevelt would sign the bill, and on September 1, 1937, the Marihuana Tax Act would go into effect—the first federal legislation prohibiting the unregulated traffic in marijuana.

Yet Anslinger must have certainly had mixed feelings about the law's passage. It is clear from a study of the Bureau's files that he consistently fought against this federal legislation, for pragmatic as well as ideological reasons. In an interview in 1970, he claimed to have doubted the constitutionality of such a measure at that time and felt that Oliphant's proposed bill was "ridiculous." Even after the decision was made by the Treasury Department to submit it to Congress, Anslinger claimed that he did not believe it would pass.

But why such opposition? For one, he probably felt that regulating the marijuana traffic would be impossible due to the incredible proliferation of the weed—a position that his agent in New Orleans had taken. He also always felt that heroin was far more dangerous than marijuana. And since the new marijuana legislation would not mean a bigger budget for the Bureau, as Tipton had promised the senators, Anslinger would reap no financial remuneration for his hard-pressed Bureau, who would be saddled with the difficult job of enforcing this measure.

But Anslinger was a good soldier. Just as he had done in the early '30s to secure the passage of the Uniform State Narcotics Law, the commissioner put on a splendid show for the unenlightened

congressmen. He plotted out a campaign that would be the envy of any bleeding-heart liberal on Madison Avenue. Placements of the Bureau's line on marijuana were made in numerous national magazines and newspapers, speeches were made; radio broadcasts were transmitted.

And in all these messages, Anslinger appealed to the people of the United States to assist him in the tremendous work that had to be done. He pre-saged this strategy in his July *American Magazine* article, which was obviously written well before the hearings had been held. Of the forthcoming law, he warned:

The passage of such a law, however, should not be the signal for the public to lean back, fold its hands, and decide that all danger is over. America now faces a condition in which a new, although ancient, narcotic has come to live next door to us, a narcotic that does not have to be smuggled into this country. This means a job of unceasing watchfulness by every police department and by every public-spirited civic organization.

In Los Angeles, Calif., a youth was walking along a downtown street after inhaling a marihuana cigarette. For many addicts, merely a portion of a "reefer" is enough to induce intoxication. Suddenly, for no reason, he decided that someone had threatened to kill him and that his life at that very moment was in danger. Wildly he looked about him. The only person in sight was an aged bootblack. Drug-crazed nerve centers conjured the innocent old shoe-shiner into a destroying monster. Mad with fright, the addict hurried to his room and got a gun. He killed the old man, and then, later, babbled his grief over what had been wanton, uncontrolled murder.

"I thought someone was after me," he said. "That's the only reason I did it. I had never seen the old fellow before. Something just told me to kill him!"

That's marihuana!

That's marijuana according to Anslinger. But the *American* article, along with the others, seemed to have struck a responsive chord in an America that four years earlier had still been banning alcohol. Letters came to the Bureau from all over America expressing amazement and horror at this new menace that the media was showcasing. Typical of the responses was this missive from a young lad in Richmond, Virginia:

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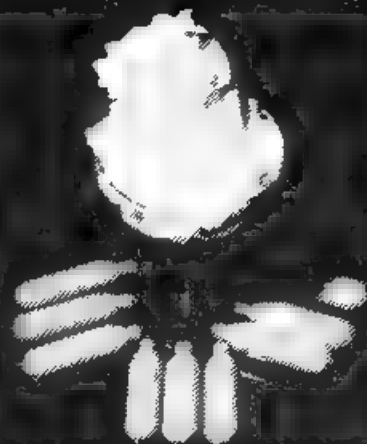
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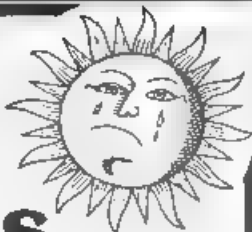
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marijuana and I would love to give my
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sassin of youth. Being a youth myself I am
in hopes of being able, in some way, to
help. I am writing this letter to offer my
life, if it could be used, for my fellows.

Please, may I help?

Anslinger replied:

I appreciate your offer of assistance as I
realize that it is inspired by the highest of
motives. Our agents are all under the Civil
Service and the examinations are held
from time to time. Your local Civil Service
secretary can supply you with further
information

So, in the wake of the bills passing
Congress, an intensive campaign was
waged publicizing this new national
menace and enlarging the corps of
Anslinger's Army. However, Anslinger
would soon be confronted with some
problems as a result of his excessive
zeal to warn the public of the assassin-
at-large. For one, he would be faced with
the dilemma that in order to justify the
bill and his Bureau's relations with re-
spect to the weed, marijuana must
remain defined as a menace or an epi-
demic. At the same time, a too hysteri-
cal approach would lead people to
believe that the Bureau's efforts at com-
bating this problem were ineffective.

Additionally, as was noted earlier,
there was a sticky problem with rela-
tion to marijuana and crime. The courts
were just beginning to see the first
"marihuana defenses," cases where the
defense contended that it was the weed
itself that caused the criminal behavior.
In this view, "normal" people are trans-
formed into deviants by virtue of their
use of this noxious drug. But, in the
wake of the passage of the Marihuana
Tax Act, Anslinger did not seem to be
giving these problems much thought.
However, there was one commentator,
an M.D. named Henry Smith Williams,
who in 1938 published *Drug Addicts
Are Human Beings* and, in an amazingly
prophetic statement, commented on
the tax act passed the previous year

So, a Marihuana Tax bill was introduced
and presently enacted as Federal law. And
the foundation was thus laid for a racket
that should quite eclipse even the billion-
dollar illicit drug industry that the Harri-
son Act (as misinterpreted) developed and
fostered. For the new drug has qualities
that put it in a class by itself

For example, Marihuana, despite its
high-sounding name, is merely a product
of the familiar hemp plant—an agricultu-

ral product to which (according to statements made before the Congressional committee) upward of 10,000 acres of land in the United States are devoted

Racketeers who developed a billion-dollar illicit drug industry, using opium that had to be smuggled into the country, should have no difficulty at all in developing a five-billion-dollar racket with marijuana—provided only that the press can be induced to stimulate curiosity by giving the drug publicity.

Of course Williams was right. By 1978 government estimates claimed the illicit marijuana industry was grossing \$5 billion a year. Most observers felt these figures were tremendously understated. But Williams would attain no distinction for his foresight. As a reformer, a humanist, in the drug abuse field, he was also many years ahead of his time. For in 1936 the Federal Bureau of Narcotics, led by Harry Jacob Anslinger, had waged war against the World Narcotics Research Foundation, a West Coast based organization that Williams and his physician brother E.H. Williams founded. E.H. was harassed and ultimately arrested and convicted for operating a narcotics clinic in Los Angeles and, through a technical mistake by his lawyer, lost his chance for appeal.

The arrest and prosecution of such an esteemed citizen (E.H. was a prolific author, was listed in *Who's Who* and was an associate editor of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*) should come as no surprise to Anslinger-watchers. The commissioner was never flexible enough to brook dissent within or without his ranks, and vendettas against his opponents were a common occurrence during his 32-year tenure at the Bureau. However, before 1937 his opponents were limited to a few liberal, humanist doctors who tried to propagate the ridiculous notion that drug addicts were sick people in need of care. But with the advent of the new tax act, a whole new category of American citizens was added to Anslinger's enemy list. These were young and old, black and brown and white, city dwellers and country bumpkins. They had one thing in common though; they all smoked reefer and enjoyed it, which to the Calvinist commissioner was as much a sin as the commission of the act itself. □

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1001 THOUGHTS ABOUT DRUGS

THIRTY-THIRD OF A MONTHLY SERIES

458 THERE'S NO PROBLEM SO BIG AND complicated that it can't be run away from

graffito, Kilroy 2,
England, before 1980

459 FROM "JOTTINGS OF NEW YORK":
And there's also ten thousand
rumsellers there,

Oh! wonderful to think, I do declare
To accommodate the people of that city
therein,

And to encourage them to commit all
sorts of sin

And on the Sabbath-day, ye will see many
a man

Going for beer with a tin can,
And seems proud to be seen carrying
home the beer

To treat his neighbours and family dear

Then at night numbers of the people
dance and sing,

Making the walls of their houses to ring
With their songs and dancing on Sabbath
night,

Which I witnessed with disgust, and fled
from the sight

William McGonagall,
Dundee, 1890

460 ASCETICISM IS A FORM OF IN
ebriation

Gustave Courbet

461 SOME DID THEIR WORK THUS:
they sat and sang and drank
and helped plough the half acre
with "Hey trolly trolly"

William Langland (?),
Visions of Piers Counsel,
about 1394

462 HAPPINESS IS NEVER MY AIM LIKE
Einstein I am not happy and do
not want to be happy: I have neither time
nor taste for such comas, attained at the
price of a pipeful of opium or a glass of
whiskey, though I have experienced a very
superior quality of it two or three times
in dreams.

G B. Shaw,
Sixteen Self Sketches, 1949

463 POLICE BALLPLAYERS DETER A FOUL
DEED IN FIELDS CHOICE
With the score tied 4-4, the batter lined a

sharp single to center and the Narcotics
Squad detectives in the outfield had a
choice—go for the ball or the narcotics sus-
pect in the stands.

Detective Richard Auletta and Detective
Edward Egan dropped their gloves and ran
toward the suspect. The single rolled on for
an inside-the-park home run and the Salem
Athletic Club won 5-4.

The team of detectives was playing one of
its occasional games with the club on a city
diamond at 128th Street and Third Avenue
on Thursday.

Detective Auletta had called to Detective
Egan in right field to take notice of a trans-
action behind third base.

They saw a man pass a package to two
younger men. As they headed for the sus-
pect they called to Detective Sal Grosso,
who was playing left field, to join them.
After a short chase the detectives rounded
up the suspected narcotics pusher and two
men believed to be buyers.

Although the Narcotics Squad took a
defeat on the field, they felt the loss was
excusable.

New York Times, early '60s

464 WHY ARE NONALCOHOLIC DRINK-
ers so problematical? Take drunk
drivers for example: if you went out on a
typical Friday night and arrested 100 drunk
drivers, only about 40 of them would be
actual alcoholics, that is, people who are
drunk chronically, on the road and off. The
other 60 or so would be light to moderate
drinkers, who just happened, on that par-
ticular night, to have had a few too many.
On any given night, most alcoholics will be
drunk, and a small percentage of nonalco-
holic drinkers will also be drunk. But there
are nine to 10 times as many non-abusive
drinkers as alcoholics, so the small per-
centage of their number who are driving drunk
on that Friday night will add up to more
than the much larger percentage of con-
firmed alcoholics on the road.

City Paper
Baltimore, Feb. 18, 1983

465 THE POPULAR IDEA THAT A DRUG
takes over and the user can't stop
taking it flies in the face of epidemiological
evidence, Ken Low said. "Two-thirds of
heroin addicts stop without intervention."

Many United States veterans used heroin
at addictive levels in Vietnam, and major

problems were expected when they re-
turned, but many had no interest in the
drug back home.

Dr. Low said an explanation for this lay in
rat experiments by psychologist Bruce
Alexander at Simon Fraser University in
Vancouver (*The Journal*, Feb. 1980).

For 35 days, morphine was added to the
drinking water of two rat populations: one
in individual cages, one in a "rat park" with
lots of space, both genders, and junk to hide
in and chew on.

Then given a choice of plain or morphine
water, the park rats chose plain, the caged,
the drug.

"In the park, they didn't want to stay
stoned, because it was tough to mate, run
around, and stake out territories... If you're
living in a cage, how do you spend your
time? You have six inches by six inches of
space, a water spout, and food pellets. You
can't even play with your turds because
they fall through a screen."

Mr. Low said the biggest drug problems
are in "caged populations", native and
senior citizens, especially those in institu-
tions.

Alcoholism is soaring in countries with
repressive governments, and he thought
more centralized authority, "more cages,"
might lead to an increase in drug problems
in democratic countries.

The Journal
(Addiction Research
Foundation), Toronto,
Sept. 1, 1982

466 OVER ONE-THIRD OF THE RESIDEN-
tial fires that took the lives of
New Yorkers last year were caused by care-
lessly dropped cigarettes. In 1981, in New
York City alone, 92 people died in these
fires. Most, if not all, of these fire deaths
could have been prevented.

American cigarettes are laced with chem-
icals and specially designed to insure a long,
slow, continuous burn. It is this artificially
produced long burning time which causes
the problem of cigarette-related fires. If cig-
arettes were to go out in a short time when
not smoked, almost all of these fires would
disappear from our statistics.

New York Times, Feb. 15, 1983

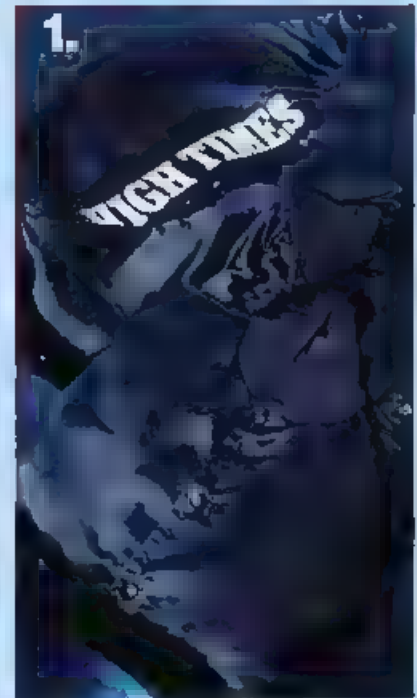
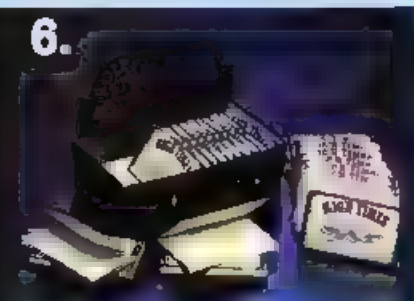
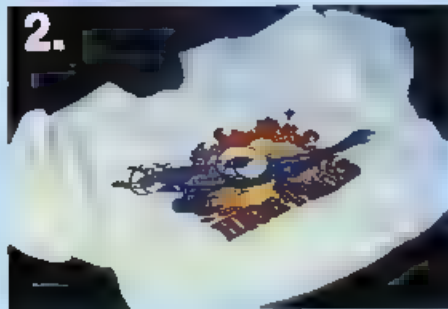
467 FOR A MADMAN EVERY DAY IS A
holiday

Turkish proverb

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	SM MED LG X-LG				
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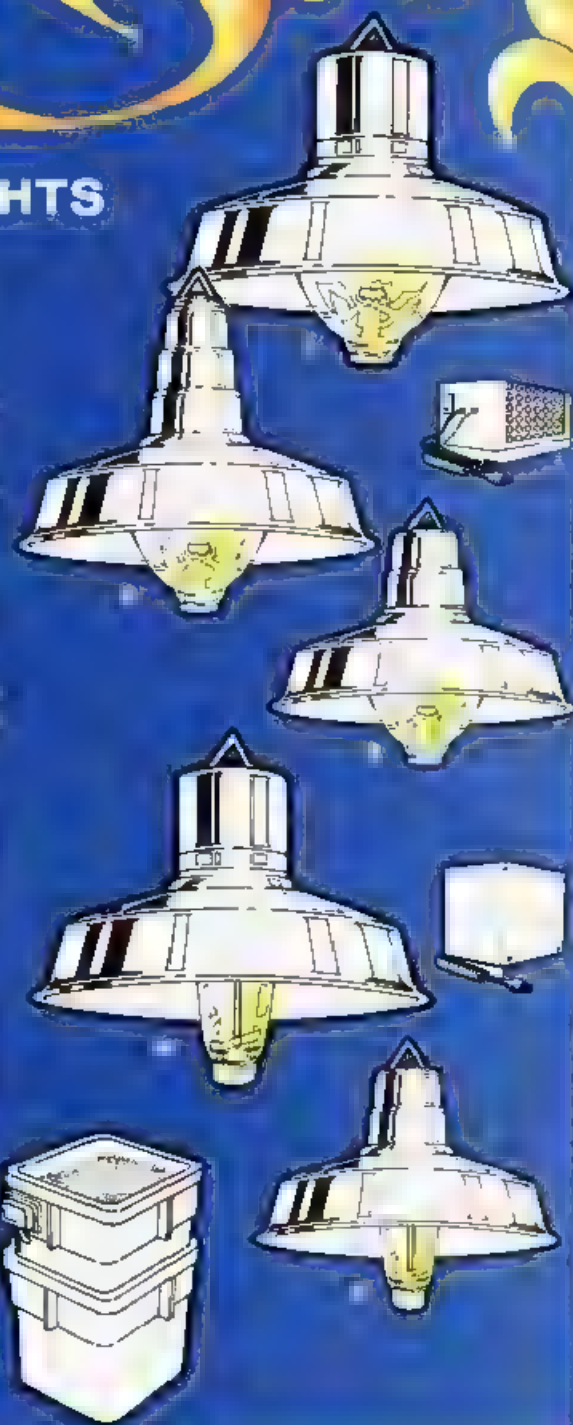
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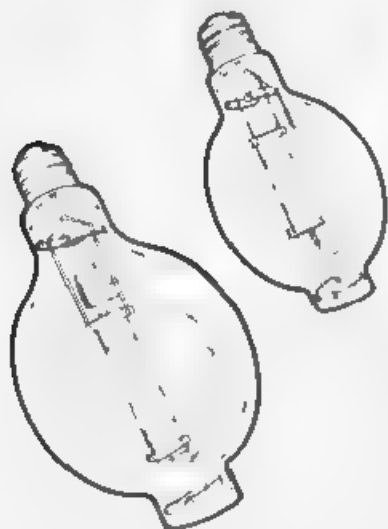
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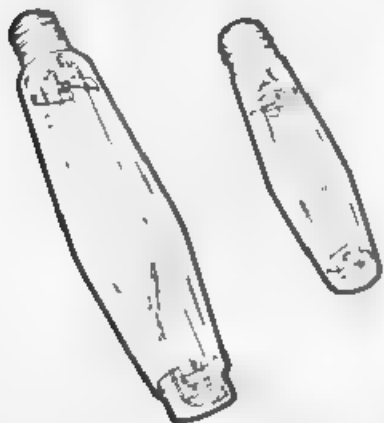
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TEX-MEX

(continued from page 69)

my high-school language lab. She just stared at me with total wonder, disbelief and pity at my idiotic waste of her time. This Juarez "working girl" had streamlined her office routine to a cost efficiency ratio that would make a time-and-motion expert drool. Nevertheless, something moved her to tell me her name was Cecelia. Then, obviously feeling embarrassed for that moment of weakness, she halfheartedly cursed me out in border slang for being crazy and unprofessional.

Kissing, of course, was out of the question by mutual consent. I was afraid of terminal disease, and she was afraid of terminal boredom. Ironically, her mouth was as ripe and herpes-free as it was beautiful.

She was still lying in the same missionary position, her knees halfway upraised, and for the first time I was able to appreciate how truly beautiful she was naked. Her skin was silky, with a light copper color that seemed to glow from an inner lighting. Her legs had that Hollywood stereoshape, firm thighs, graceful calves and slender ankles. As I stared, I became so transfixed by her breasts and the sublime darkness of her nipples, that I was startled when she actually reached out her arms to me. It was nothing special, yet it was something slightly connected to the human condition of making love. Plus, it was the first break she provided in the completely antiseptic quality of our sexual relationship.

I decided to take advantage of the moment and strike while I was hot. I jumped on top of her, stuck it in, came in about 4.3 seconds and had not one apocalyptic or memorable flash.

There wasn't even time for a cigarette. Milliseconds after my uneventful ejaculation, Cecelia was once again a flurry of activity. Douche. . . Straighten the bed. . . Get dressed. . . Collect seven dollars from me. . . Mumble something quickly in Spanish to the picture of Jesus.

I was desperate to kill at least a few more minutes so that it wouldn't look too bad to Doyle. Otherwise, he might suspect something like what really happened. Then I had a paranoid flash that Doyle had gone back to El Paso, leaving me alone in Mexico at night. But I really wanted to ask her about that tattoo. Was Cecelia a Communist? Was her boyfriend a spy? She seemed like the

last person in the world to have any kind of political conviction. It didn't really matter because in Spanish I could only converse on the topics of sex, food and booze. So I waited by the door for another long, drawn-out minute and a half and then strode assertively out to find Doyle.

"Hey, Chavin, ya prick. Ya finally pierced the old bearded clam! Shee-itt—Goddamn fuckin' a... I mean ya fuckin' did it!"

Doyle scared the crap out of me and I must have jumped two feet. Old Doyle was so excited, you'd swear it was him that got laid for the first time, not me.

"Chavin, I swear if my old man wasn't a doctor—"

Doyle's voice droned on, but I was somewhere else. I was thinking about the secondary benefits of popping my cherry. For one thing, now I knew the whole story from start to finish. There were no big surprises in store for me. I knew that I could do it and sort of knew how to. On the negative side, the golden mystique of sex was ingloriously shattered, forever. I realized that business is business but pleasure isn't always pleasure. Also, I developed a strong sexual repulsion to black lingerie and all forms of nylon hosiery.

As we started back, a southwestern Thunderhead hit like a blitzkrieg. We stopped at Ciro's Tacqueria to wait out the rain and grab some cheap tacos, *flautas* and *Carta Blanca*. We stood under an awning watching one of Juarez's rare natural phenomena: "The Running of the Prostitutes." The working girls raced down the sewerless, flooded streets, holding their prized evening dresses high over their heads by the hems, and blithely exposing themselves to protect their garments from the knee-high water.

We mindlessly watched the free peep show in the street. I don't remember what Doyle was raving about. My mind had splintered into a 15-ring emotional circus. I felt the need to share the importance of this moment with someone beside ol' Doyle. There I was, in the middle of my only mythic moment—the only important thing to show for a decade and a half of life, and it was just a private joke.

Nevertheless, it was a far, far better thing to have done and out of the way. Maybe it was only a cherry tree falling in a deserted forest, but it was Everest and Iwo Jima too. . . And it was that tattoo. . . And the Garden of Eden. . . And the Bay of Pigs. . . And it was Iran and Sirhan Sirhan. . . And one small step for mankind. . . And it was there. □

OH MY GOD!

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FASSBINDER

/ continued from page 56

Cannes for the film festival And he wouldn't go to bed before six o'clock. All the arrangements for the cocaine there was all sorts of people spending huge amounts of money. And then he would get up at maybe nine or ten. And one night he stayed at my hotel at Cannes because the next morning, at nine o'clock, there was a reception of the German Export Union.

So, it was six o'clock in the morning, and he sent his assistant up to the pension to get his white suit to be able to go there; and he slept in my room. And we were reading to each other. And he was taking this very strong sleeping pill called Mandrax, which is like a Quaalude. So he was taking three Quaaludes, three Valium 10, and he was having all these very strong Bloody Marys that he ordered by room service at the same time. Then he said to me: "See, if that doesn't work in about fifteen minutes, I'm going to take the same amount again" . . . So, fifteen minutes later, he took three again, and three Valium 10 again. And in between, don't forget, he always had lines of cocaine. So then he said—very proud, like a little child, very proud: "If you would take that, you would be dead already" But proud, you know—

HIGH TIMES: Did he indulge in any thing else?

SCHIDOR: LSD, but not so much. Once in a while—twice a month, three times a month

HIGH TIMES: Would he use these on the set?

SCHIDOR: LSD no. Cocaine . . . Fassbinder wouldn't do hallucinogenic drugs on the set, but he would do lots of alcohol—Jim Beam always—full glasses, beer glasses full of Jim Beam. He would finish two bottles of Jim Beam a day, during shooting. He would never be drunk I've never seen him drunk .

And there would always be marijuana or hash that he would smoke on the set.

HIGH TIMES: Did anyone ever go to him and say, "Look, you're killing yourself"?

SCHIDOR: Yeah, but then you have to know, to try and talk to him and say, "Listen, Rainer, you know what you're doing to your body is . . . Come on, now; you have time now, four weeks—go to the Swiss clinic. It's wonderful, we'll come with you. . ." All this we talked about constantly, that we have to do that—And after his death, of course, there came this guilt thing. Ingrid Caven,

who was his wife, was a very good friend of mine, told me that . . . Don't forget, he was a real little bourgeois, also. When they were living in this house, and Ingrid Caven came in and he liked her, he asked her to sleep with him. And she said, "I like this guy. I didn't find him especially attractive—he's fat, and he has lots of pimples. . . But I went up to his flat. The weirdest thing was when I came down for breakfast . . . He had just moved in there, and there were about eight people sitting at the breakfast table in the kitchen, and Fassbinder had put on a suit, and he was sitting at the top of the table—and they were all waiting for me to come down. When I came down he allowed them to start breakfast, now, I was his property."

Then they got married and he didn't want her to work anymore. He said, "My wife doesn't have to work." And she said, "I was going crazy. What is this? What have I got myself into?" He was like a real—like a husband

HIGH TIMES: It seems he's got this strong bourgeois character matrix; and then, when he doesn't hold on to that, he just spins out of control

SCHIDOR: Totally. So he punished her for it . . . She wanted a divorce.

HIGH TIMES: It's almost as if he's punishing himself for being a bad boy—

SCHIDOR: All the time. all the time.

HIGH TIMES: What was his family life like?

SCHIDOR: His father was a doctor, and he built apartment houses which he rented to foreign workers from Greece and Turkey, where he put eight people in one room, and got lots of them—really exploited them. And Fassbinder, as a boy, was sent around to the flats to collect the money. And his mother was always sick, and she was translating; and he was given money to go to the cinema. He saw . . . Since he was six (he didn't go to school much), he saw five films a day for years. Then he left home

he didn't do his high-school graduation—and he applied to go to the Berlin Film Institute. He made his application, he made his test—and he failed it. They didn't accept him.

HIGH TIMES: How old was he?

SCHIDOR: Eighteen. Then he started acting classes, when he was very young. He never heard anything from his parents, and only after his name was in the papers, suddenly his mother called him. And since then, he casts his mother also—his mother is in his films. It remained a very strong relationship . . . She was in *Lili Marleen* (as Mel Ferrer's wife).

That's the type of family he came

from. He always accused her of trying to kill him. That was his pleasure—he would accuse her of giving him sour apples when he was a child, so he would eat the sour apples and die. And she would start crying and say, "Maybe I gave you once a sour apple, but I didn't want to—" "Yes! You wanted to kill me!"

.. You know, I'm telling you. You make me tell you all these things..

HIGH TIMES: Listen, I admire Fassbinder's films so much that it doesn't

SCHIDOR: That's what I hope! I hope you get that straight, you know—

HIGH TIMES: It's also sort of a corrective, you know, because I was so shocked at his death. It seemed such an immense loss.

SCHIDOR: It is! It is!

HIGH TIMES: .. to have this torrent of creativity cut off when he was at his greatest..

SCHIDOR: Yes. You will see it in *Querelle*! He was at his greatest..

HIGH TIMES: ...so, you're not blackening his name—

SCHIDOR: No. That it is the *last* thing I would want, because I think he's the greatest—not only film—I think he's one of the greatest artists that Germany has had after the war. And for me, personally, he was the most lovable and exciting and haunting and despicable and wonderful person I have ever known in my life.

HIGH TIMES: If you have someone who doesn't repress anything, who lets everything out, you get the bad as well as the good. No one has a pure soul..

SCHIDOR: Mmm-hmmm. I think you feel that—you see that in *The Wizard*. You see both sides in *The Wizard*. You see this incredible tenderness, and the great artist. And you see also the cynicism. And in *Querelle*, it is a big-budget movie—and, at the same time, it is like.. this very private film.. He didn't film the novel; he made his own subjective meditation on Genet's novel. When you see *Querelle*, you see that there is really somebody who—after the "woman" films—started something totally new—

HIGH TIMES: So you think he was going through a great new period?

SCHIDOR: Yes.

HIGH TIMES: What, for you, were the high points of his career?

SCHIDOR: My favorite films are *The Merchant of Four Seasons*, *In a Year of 13 Moons*. I do like *Satan's Brew* a lot. And *Querelle*. Those four.

HIGH TIMES: Could you talk about *Querelle*?

SCHIDOR: Well, I tell you one thing which I think is incredible about the

film which has provoked a lot of scandal and irritation and aggressiveness—in Italy it is still forbidden—They wanted to have twenty-five minutes cut out of the film. There are three specific scenes they want to cut out. There are two sex scenes, where you don't see anything, really. The provocation, the pornography, happens in the mind of the viewer (if you want it, it's there). But Fassbinder did something.. He did two very, very erotic scenes in *Querelle*, although you don't see a cock or an ass, but everything is there. And those scenes they wanted to cut out—

HIGH TIMES: It would seem that the censors are distressed more at the mixture of sexuality and politics than explicit sex—

SCHIDOR: Yes, *Querelle* is a very political film. Without being anything openly political; but it's political in the sense that.. What Fassbinder wanted was certainly not a film about homosexuality. After *Fox and His Friends* he wasn't really that interested in homosexuality.

HIGH TIMES: Well, *Fox and His Friends* isn't really about homosexuality—

SCHIDOR: No, it's about exploitation and power relationships among men. Okay—and in *Querelle* there is a strong homosexual aspect in the film that did not interest him in the *least*. What interested him in the film was—and he says that in the interview, very clearly—what he wanted to show is that if you want to be free and be happy, you have to find your own identity. So, to find your own identity, he believed, with Genet, this fact: that you have to invent yourself once more. And how better can you invent yourself once more than in a brother or in somebody that you love? In *Querelle*, the brother and the person that *Querelle* thinks he loves (and then, when he realizes that, he murders) are played by the same actor (Hanno Poschl).

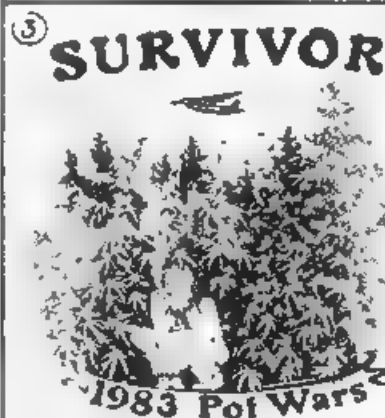
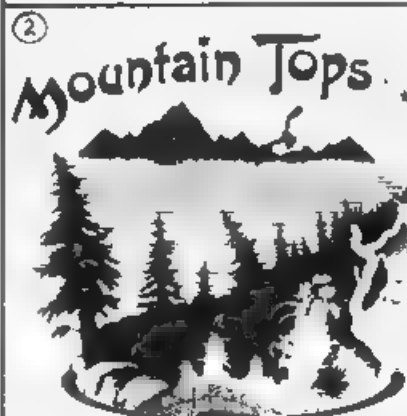
HIGH TIMES: It's likely that *Querelle* will eventually become a cult film in the States—in fact, you might even pray for a few violent denunciations—

SCHIDOR: Yeah, yeah! At first I was really disturbed; now I like it when people get really: "Aaagh! This is horrible!" And you know what? Many gays hate the film.

HIGH TIMES: What was your relationship with him like during the shooting?

SCHIDOR: I'll tell you an example and you can see. He had insisted that he get paid every day in cash. He loved cash; he hated checks. He got paid in cash every morning before shooting. He started shooting the film at eight—

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HIGH TIMES: Did he always do this?
SCHIDOR: No, not on his own films that he produced. [And he had lots of money trouble.] So I had to give him, every morning, between six and seven thousand dollars in cash. And then there was a morning when I didn't have the money. [We had money problems because the financing, when we started, was not totally set, I had only part of the money, but we had to start.] Then he said, "You know, I can lend you the money. I can give you thirty or forty thousand marks."

HIGH TIMES: He wanted the ritual?

SCHIDOR: He wanted the ritual, yeah. And I must say, without him, the film would have been impossible. The financial problems were really so horrible.

HIGH TIMES: Is that generally a problem with German films?

SCHIDOR: No, with this film it was especially tough. We had an oral promise from the Berlin government that they would give a grant of five hundred thousand dollars. And then the Christian Democratic Government—they thought they could make a profile in front of their Conservative-party base and say, "We are not going to support this dirty movie, even though it's Fassbinder." He had just gotten the Golden Bear in Berlin for *Veronika Voss*. And then it became a total political situation: the Liberal party then fought against the Christian Democrats. They were a coalition, and they threatened to break up the government.

HIGH TIMES: Over *Querelle*?

SCHIDOR: Over *Querelle*. It was a question that was raised in the Berlin senate. Fassbinder had to sign things that he would make the film so eighteen- and sixteen-year-olds could go to see it—that he would not do any explicit sex. He signed everything, he didn't give a shit. And then once they called him up and said, "We don't believe that this is his signature." And I was sitting in his room. I said, "Rainer, they don't believe that you signed this thing; that you were going to do the film for sixteen-year-olds." He took the receiver and he screamed at the director for Economic Relations at the senate: "I'm coming over there with my passport to prove to you that it's my signature!"

You know, he did all these things to make the movie possible. We got rejected from most of government grants. It was privately financed and it had cost over two and a half million dollars—which, for a German film, is a lot of money... Nobody gets normal salaries. neither Brad Davis nor Jeanne Moreau nor Franco Nero... And also, for

The Wizard he helped me.

HIGH TIMES: Do you think there's any chance that the same kind of unfortunate thing will happen that happened to *Fitzcarraldo* and *Burden of Dreams* that critics will say the documentary is superior to its subject?

SCHIDOR: That happened with *The Wizard* also. People have called me and said, "I like the film much better than *Querelle*"—which is a stupid thing to say. These are people that can't do anything with *Querelle*. You can't compare the two things. What is nice about *The Wizard* is the Fassbinder interview, but I had a lot of problems with his mother. She wanted me to cut it.

HIGH TIMES: Why?

SCHIDOR: I don't know, it was a combination of reasons. First of all, he had just died. He looks... In the last months of his life he was not very attractive in the normal sense. I never thought Fassbinder was ugly, because he had these wonderful eyes, you know—these eyes that made up for everything. It was never... "ugliness" is the wrong word to describe it. But he was not attractive in the normal sense like a mother would like to see her son. Then the mother has had this horror, and she has decided that, now, after the death, "My son was never a homosexual."

HIGH TIMES: She's decided that it's some huge lie?

SCHIDOR: Yeah—It's a typical "mother" thing to try to put her son—to "rebourgeois" him. And I try to explain to her. I said, "You're doing the wrong thing. You are trying to put Rainer on a pure pedestal. He doesn't belong there. You make him smaller in doing that. Don't you understand that if you don't leave this big mountain that he was, you know—this big, powerful mountain—all the facets a personality can have. That is part of the greatness of him. And if you try to smooth him out into a bourgeois person that actually wanted nothing more than having a happy life with children, then you're destroying your own son."

HIGH TIMES: How did the rest of his company react to his death?

SCHIDOR: Total shock. Shock and... a mixture of shock and relief. Which might seem strange to you. When I say "relief," I don't mean they were not sad, but a burden was taken off their backs at the same time that there was a very, very big loss.

HIGH TIMES: What did he think of his German contemporaries?

SCHIDOR: Fassbinder? He didn't have any contact with anyone. I asked him

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VIDEO SELLS THE RADIO STARS

TV rock may be the biggest thing that has happened to music since stereophonic sound. But judging from most of the early samplings, the medium's still a long way from being cool.

Technological advances are providing music fans with previously undreamed-of capabilities for home listening and viewing. The advent of digital availability in home systems with the compact disc (CD), a virtually indestructible new type of record smaller than the conventional LP and played on a laser-based turntable, enables audiophiles to hear studio-quality sound in their living rooms. But the most impressive advances have come in the video medium.

Despite its timid programming, insipid hosts and slavish adherence to a crudely adapted radio format, MTV has made a powerful impact on the recording industry with its cable-TV broadcasting of promotional video clips. Record-industry executives have marveled at the impact MTV's presence has had on album sales, particularly in the area of breaking new groups. Bands like Men at Work, Duran Duran and Missing Persons have used promotional videos in heavy MTV rotation as key elements in establishing themselves.

Even the biggest bands now recognize the need to promote their recorded product through video clips, although some artists, notably Bruce Springsteen, have held the line against personal appearances in this format (Springsteen's solo single, "Atlantic City," was promoted by a video clip in which he didn't appear). The popularity of these clips has convinced the industry to market them commercially, and they may one day replace singles in the marketplace.

The promotional video is only part of this wholesale technological revolution though. The growing availability of concert videos has set up an intriguing adjunct and perhaps even an alternative to live musical performance.

It used to be the common assumption that rock 'n' roll performance did not translate to video formats. The failure of ABC TV's "In Concert" and NBC's

"Don Kirschner's Rock Concert" at each end of the '70s, offered hard evidence that rock 'n' roll could not be presented satisfactorily on a TV screen.

This thinking may well have kept home-video programmers from jumping into the pop market with both feet when they began their product lines. In the past year, however, the picture has begun to change radically. The home-video business surged in late 1982 when a Christmas boom of video recorder and playback systems created a whole new audience for software and forced programmers to realize that home video was a lot more than an outlet for films. There are still relatively few music titles offered by video companies, but the list is growing as it becomes apparent that a healthy market for such a product does exist.

The change of heart regarding the potential of the music-video format is not so surprising when you consider several factors. First of all, television ratings are based on a much larger audience than video sales—if a video sells 30,000 to 50,000 copies it's a huge hit, while the same number of network TV viewers is considered extremely small.

Another factor is that pop groups have gauged their visual presentations to take advantage of the potential for video tie-ins. Even more important, the technology itself has been improved to the point where the nuances of live performance can be accurately reproduced through the use of shrewd shot selection and the capability of a high-quality stereo audio signal. Indeed, we have reached the point that Marshall McLuhan predicted—where attendance at a live event becomes almost a matter of personal scholarship.

In the near future it is likely that every major concert attraction will find it necessary to market at least one high-quality video performance tape the

way they now release live albums. Performance videos may, in fact, replace live albums as the way to break touring support groups into mass popularity.

In this light it's not surprising that the Rolling Stones' concert film, *Let's Spend the Night Together* (Avco), was released so soon after its theatrical debut in home-video format. The program documents the Stones' record-breaking 1981 tour which saw the group play to the largest number of concert-goers in history to that point. Despite the number of large arena shows, tickets were amazingly hard to come by, and the band's performance on a set that amounts to a greatest-hits show was tremendous, a real neoclassic rock presentation.

Unfortunately, director Hal Ashby somehow managed to miss the point of the Stones' music, and in presenting a visual extravaganza that included onstage extras and elaborate visual effects, the power and scope of the Stones' sound gets lost. Large sections of the show, recorded at outdoor concerts in San Francisco's Candlestick Park and Arizona's Sun Devil Stadium, sound muddy, and lack the Stones' charismatic audio presence.

The problems with the sections of the tape recorded in California and Arizona are the perennial difficulties inherent in outdoor performances—the sound is calculated to project a long way in the open air, and consequently is a lot more diffused than the compact, echoing sound produced in an indoor arena. Ashby obviously made the decision to sacrifice sound quality for visual spectacle, which the outdoor show provided in spades.

The tape opens with the Stones preparing to come onstage as Duke Ellington's "Take the A Train" plays over the loudspeakers. As the band begins playing its first number, "Under My Thumb"



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SOUNDS

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thousands of balloons sail into the air. As the Stones careen along into "Let's Spend the Night Together" and "Shattered," the sound balance is uneven and distorted, but the scene is great to look at—the stage a whorl of pastel hues, and the brilliantly sunny blue sky illuminating everything.

"Neighbors," "Just My Imagination" and "Twenty Flight Rock" follow; Jagger jumps into the audience while he's singing "Let Me Go"; then clips from '60s TV performances with Brian Jones are shown during "Time Is on My Side." As "Going to a Go-Go" plays, an amazing time-lapse photography sequence shows the stage being assembled from scratch, and segues into an indoor performance at the Meadowlands arena. There, the sound, and the show, is top notch, and the Stones blister through classics like "Tumbling Dice," "She's So Cold," "All Down the Line," "Miss You," "Honky-Tonk Woman," "Brown Sugar," "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and a fantastic encore of "Satisfaction."

Stones fans and collectors will want this tape, if only for historical value, but if you're looking for the best Rolling Stones video, check out *Gimme Shelter*, the Maysles Brothers' powerful 1970 cinema verité account of the legendary *Let It Bleed* tour that included a shocking on-screen murder in the audience at Altamont Speedway.

There are a number of other concert performances available, many of which were originally released as feature films before their home-video availability. All too many are flat and uninteresting shows, but a lot of bases are covered—Blondie, Boomtown Rats, Charlie Daniels Band, Cream, Hall and Oates, three different Alice Cooper shows, Electric Light Orchestra, at least six Elvis Presley titles, Ray Charles, Fleetwood Mac, James Brown, three Jimi Hendrix titles, James Taylor, Rod Stewart, Joni Mitchell and others.

Two of my favorites are *Rust Never Sleeps*, the 1979 concert tape by Neil Young with his hard-edged backup band Crazy Horse, and the Kinks' brilliant *One for the Road*. The Kinks tape is everything one would have wanted *Let's Spend the Night Together* to be—a slick, sympathetic production that approximates the pace and intensity of the live show. The show is a strong sampling of material from all stages of the

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FASSBINDER

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that in the interview, and he had a very good answer. He looks. And he smiles. "We're all good friends. All friends."

HIGH TIMES: It's interesting—Herzog and Fassbinder are sort of the antithesis of each other.

SCHIDOR: Yeah, *Fitzcarraldo* and *Querelle*, both films about ships. You know, there's a funny scene, when Fassbinder and I were at Cannes, and *Fitzcarraldo* was in official competition. And at the night of the film we were just walking on the street by the beach near the Hotel Carlton. We were going across by the hotel and we see maybe thirty, forty photographers walking backwards, and then Werner Herzog in a black suit and Claudia Cardinale coming over to the screening. And Fassbinder and I were standing in the middle, by some palm trees... They were passing us, and he was out of his mind. He kept... The first thing he'd tell me, "You should have seen them in Venice! There were at least three times as many photographers! What a ridiculous thing, to go to a film about a ship. It's enough to make you sick." And really going on and on, really furious that Herzog got all this attention.

They hardly said "Hello" to each other, you know. Herzog would come—we were sitting in a bar—and Herzog would come in. They would sort of look, and look away: Herzog and Fassbinder. There was no relationship at all. **HIGH TIMES:** It's too bad—they're both great directors.

SCHIDOR: Yes. Fassbinder thought so, too.

HIGH TIMES: I understand you know Leni Riefenstahl. What is she like?

SCHIDOR: For a year we have been in contact—through *Querelle*, by the way. Fassbinder and I wanted her to do the still photography on *Querelle*, and she wanted to do it, also. And then she couldn't, because she had a contract to film sharks underwater. And then Fassbinder died, and she wrote a wonderful letter. She admired him a lot; she loved his films. And then about three weeks ago I went to see her for the first time. I came to the house on the south of Munich. I expected an old woman—she's eighty. And there was this creature running down the stairs like a teenaged girl. Of course, she had the old face, but there was a vitality.

That Sunday afternoon that I was there... She's very old, you know, old people—they lose barriers. Something

happens, I think it's a chemical reaction. They become... They talk freely about sex, and they talk freely about things they wouldn't normally mention. And she said, "You know, what Susan Sontag writes about me—that I always portray the athletes as gods because I keep shooting from low angles? You know what the reason was? In the Olympic stadium, in 1936, the walls were covered with German cognac advertisements; and I didn't want that on the picture—so I had to put the cameras into the ground and shoot up. That was the only way to avoid them!"

HIGH TIMES: How does Riefenstahl look on the Nazi period?

SCHIDOR: Well, I tell you one thing. She said, "Schidor, I tell you—I said this to Albert Speer after his book came out. You know, I like Albert, and I said, 'How could you write these stupid things? How could you portray it so negative?'"

As for me, I was under his spell. In March 1945, I would have had my hands cut off to get a smile from Hitler. And she says that out, totally openly.

HIGH TIMES: How does she feel about Hitler now?

SCHIDOR: Oh, I think she's changed. Don't forget that that was the greatest time in her life. And he was the most fascinating person to her.

The older I get and the more I know about it, the more I keep asking my relatives and my parents and everybody I can get ahold of—the less explicable it becomes to me, this whole era of those twelve years. The thing that really troubles me—also when I speak to my parents, who come from a little village in Eastern Prussia—when I say "Well, what did you think when Herr and Frau Lubenstein were not there anymore?" They say, "We don't know..." And I say, "Well, didn't you think it was strange that Jews were not allowed to sit on benches anymore?" The same with Leni Riefenstahl, when she goes on about, "I didn't know anything about concentration camps..." *Bullshit!* That's not the point: What was going on was going on since 1933. If there's a sign that JEWS ARE NOT ALLOWED TO ENTER THIS BUS and Jews go and go and go and don't come back, you don't have to know about concentration camps.

HIGH TIMES: What's inexplicable is that the whole humanistic German tradition of art and philosophy and music seems to have somehow evaporated during this period. Where did it go? What happened?

SCHIDOR: Where did it go? Right. Good question. L.



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SOUNDS

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band's career, including great versions of "You Really Got Me," "Superman" "Celluloid Heroes," "20th-Century Man," "Stop Your Sobbing," "Low Budget," "All Day and All of the Night" and "David Watts."

Another performance tape that has already become a classic is the Simon and Garfunkel *Concert in Central Park* (CBS). It was produced by Lorne Michaels's Broadway Video company the makers of "Saturday Night Live," and brings the same standards of professionalism to this production that made their live television shows such a hit. Part of the magic of this tape comes from the fact that half a million people crammed into Central Park to witness the event, while the rest is the result of a sublime reunion-set from one of the most popular vocal duos in history, covering all their original hits as well as the high points of Simon's solo career.

Carole Kings recently released *One to One* (MGM/VA) video is a good example of the creative use the concert format can be adapted to. By shifting from concert settings to a living-room atmosphere with King at an upright piano, singing songs and making witty autobiographical observations ("I grew up in Brooklyn and was basically raised on chicken soup and piano lessons") the presentation completely avoids stagnation. The set contrasts concert footage of King's contemporary standards—"Jazzman," "Smackwater Jack," "I Feel the Earth Move," "So Far Away," "You've Got a Friend"—with classics from her Tin Pan Alley days placed in the solo setting—"Locomotion," "Take Good Care of My Baby," "Hey, Girl" and "Up on the Roof."

Todd Rundgren has made some of the most experimental video shorts to accompany his songs. With his reputation for innovation in the field, it may come as a surprise that his most recent release, *An Evening with Utopia* (MCA), featuring his band in an 85-minute concert performance, is flat and uneventful. Directed by Joshua White of the famous '60s Joshua Light Show, the house light show at Bill Graham's Fillmore East, the presentation is tasteful and direct, but ultimately boring. Twenty-one songs recorded in Dolby Stereo are offered, but less than half the material manages to sustain interest. The high points are "Hammer in My Heart," "Rock Love," "Feet Don't Fail Me Now," "The Road to Utopia," "Cara-

van" (which features great call and-response solos between Rundgren's guitar and Roger Powell's synthesizer), "Love in Action" and the set-closing anthem "Just One Victory."

Grace Jones, *A One-Man Show* (Island) may be the most dramatic example of the advantages offered by the video-concert format. Jones is a model turned pop star who couldn't carry a tune to save her life, yet built a solid critical reputation on the strength of her bizarre looks, elaborate costuming, sado-masochistic cum camp image and a crack Jamaican studio band. Her records are fatally marred by her talentless vocalizations, but *A One-Man Show* is good, if somewhat limited, entertainment that allows Jones to play to her strengths in an elaborate visual show replete with costume and set changes on her most successful set pieces—"Warm Leatherette," "Destruction Man," "Pull up to the Bumper," "Feel Up," *La Vie en Rose* and "Living My Life."

There are more tapes available, and there will be plenty of others coming out soon. By the time you read this, a recording of the Who's final concert from their 1982 farewell tour, taped at Toronto's Maple Leaf Gardens, will be out. The show, which was simulcasted to theaters and on radio the night it happened, catalogs all the high points of this brilliant band's career, from "I Can't Explain" and "Substitute" through *Tommy*, *Quadrophenia*, *Who Are You* and their most recent work.

The existence of the Who tape indicates an interesting future direction that this medium might enable bands to go into. The Who may have declared their retirement from touring, but the likelihood that they will record, and the possibility of additional one-off live performances, is strong. Obviously, a video concert could reach the same potential number of people that a regular tour might play for, so a band like the Who could effectively retire from the road and still manage to perform "live," in a sense, for its fans.

Naturally there are drawbacks. It's never going to be as good watching a concert on television as it is being there to participate in the partying atmosphere and the sense of an event unfolding before you. Nevertheless, the prospect of being able to watch a great concert over and over with an unobstructed view and great sound in the comfort of your living room has plenty going for it. And you never have to worry about the band being a bit off the night you see them play. □

MOROCCO

/ continued from page 48

The next morning, me, Ray and one of the farmers took the hour-long drive into the valley. As we rounded the corner, Ray could not believe his eyes. There was the impressionist canvas that I had described to him, but now in midday the lines were etched sharper with more contrast from the overhead sun. Each family was working its own little plot, harvesting with a scythe, then laying the plants in the field to dry or bundling the plants to take them into the village to dry. In this village everyone seemed to be working—men, women, and even the kids.

Ray said that he had never seen a field as intensely cultivated as this. With our host's permission we went into the fields for close examination. Ray was looking for the smelliest plants. Most of the plants had a very mild smell, more vegetative than grass-like. Once in a while he came across one that had the faint aroma of an Afghani or indica. A few were sweet-smelling. But most of them had very little odor.

I was examining the different cultivation techniques. Plants grown further apart had some branching, as did the plants on the perimeters of the plots. Plants grown close together, similar to the way hemp is grown, have virtually no branching, and only one cola. Plants deprived of adequate amounts of moisture or nutrients were smaller and matured earlier than plants grown to full potential. While the rest of the plots were browning out, first turning pale green, then yellow as they were being harvested, one plot had plants still growing vigorously. They were a deep green, and the buds, though larger than any I had seen in the valley, were still immature, needing another two weeks before harvest.

The entire valley was irrigated, using a series of open concrete troughs and ditches to supply each field with water. To get water into an individual plot, the farmer would open a gate—usually a piece of plywood with a few large stones to support it. There seemed to be more than adequate supplies of water.

Ray and I spent the better part of the afternoon investigating the fields, then smoking hashish and learning how to make it.

To make just a little, our host took a kerchief and tied its ends tightly around a porcelain bowl. Next, he took about a pound of dried colas and rubbed them

between his hands until they were ground into a coarse flour, sort of like wheat bran. Sticks, twigs and seeds were separated from the ground colas. He did it by hand, but told me that sometimes seines are used. He then placed about two ounces of the colas on the tightened cloth screen and gently rubbed it across the cloth, using both hands. After less than a minute the chaff remaining on the cloth was removed and another two ounces was placed on the cloth. The chaff was not discarded but would be reused to make an inferior-quality hash from the second rubbing. In five or six minutes he had rubbed the entire pound. The rubbing removed the glands which covered the plants. These THC glands settled in the bottom of the bowl. They made up a fine powder, with a consistency between fresh white and whole flour but colored beige with maybe just a hint of a light lime green. The color was determined by the shade of the starting material. He took this loose flour and wrapped it in cellophane (not plastic), and then in a piece of aluminum foil. Next he heated it over a candle, put it on the floor and stomped on it with the heel of his boot. After letting the package cool for about 10 minutes, he unwrapped a thin piece of hashish. This was the freshest hash that I had ever smoked.

We stayed that night in a house overlooking the whole valley; feasted on lamb stew and pita bread, and woke the next morning to the breathtaking sight of the sun rising on the hash fields.

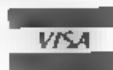
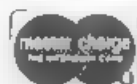
Heading out to take more pictures after breakfast, I checked my camera and was appropriately bummed out when it didn't work. The battery had died overnight. One of my hosts said, "I have a camera just like it," and, to my amazement, pulled out a slightly different model from the same series, which I used with my lenses. We went down to the fields to spend the rest of the morning.

Our hosts were pretty incredible people. They spoke Arabic as their native language, but through intercourse with the Europeans who travel through the area they had also picked up French (which is Morocco's second language), German, English and a little Italian and Spanish. Although they were living in a remote area, they had acquired through trade all sorts of modern consumer electronical equipment and gadgetry.

Ray's friends were waiting for us when we got back to the hotel, and we could see relief showing on their faces. We explained that we had been treated

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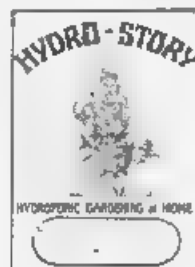
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most cordially been given the freedom of the village and were not implored to buy anything.

I waited another two days, but none of the people Ray or I knew was able to come up with a commercial hash-making setup for us to visit. I was getting bored, so I decided to head back to Casablanca. Ray said that he wanted to go with me as far as Fez. We made plans to leave the next day.

We hired a Mercedes to take us to town where we thought we could hire another taxi to Fez. We got to the transfer area at 7 PM. There were no taxis available and we sat by the village taxi-stand waiting for one to arrive. Finally, a taxi pulled up, and Ray negotiated with the driver to drive us to Fez for 150 dirham, about five times the usual price. I was suspicious. I didn't like the smell of the thing, the guy was asking for too much money, and the whole situation was touchy. But Ray assured me everything was going to be okay. We got into the cab and were driven directly to the police station. Officers came out to escort Ray and me into the station house.

The officers were not threatening—were even friendly. They had us open our suitcases and started searching for contraband.

Obviously, the taxi driver figured that we were smugglers because we were willing to pay such an outrageous rate to get to Fez. And, given law-enforcement practices in Morocco, he had more than enough reason to turn us in. For if he was correct, if we indeed were smugglers, he would receive a cash bounty for capturing us. If, on the other hand, should he give us a ride and the police found drugs on us during a road check, he would be severely beaten.

The police could see that we were concealing no kilos, or even ounces, of hash. They were about to close one of the suitcases when one officer decided to look in one of the plastic film canisters. He opened it and out spilled some seed. They all thought it was funny. He put the seeds on the palm of his hand and gestured for me to eat them. I did. They laughed. One of the other officers took it just a little more seriously and found a few more seed canisters. Then another one said in broken English, "You grow *kief* in America?" and they all laughed again. They consulted with each other for a little while, first taking our names, passport numbers, addresses, etc. Then Ray said, "America, Morocco—good friends." The officer

who had me eating seeds out of the palm of his hand said in response, "President Reagan, King Hussan—good friends." We all agreed but then the officer saw my marijuana belt buckle and said (I swear), "Tsk, tsks" Ray started up again: "Morocco food is very good." The officer, who spoke very little English, understood and said to Ray, "Do you really like it?" Ray told him that not only was Moroccan food very good, but that his country had beautiful mountains too. The officers deliberated a few minutes more, then let us close our suitcases and escorted us back to the taxi for the ride to Fez. I was amazed. We had kept our cool, and now we were shaking their hands as they wished us bon voyage. All but two of the canisters were still in the suitcase. There was still a question. Would these cops notify authorities to pick us up on the way out?

There were two other persons, besides the driver, with Ray and me in the taxi, and all were quite surprised to see us reemerge from the station—especially the driver. Obviously we weren't guilty, so there was no reward. Even worse, we two, whom he had wronged, were still going to ride with him for several hours to the city of Fez. The two other passengers began treating him with contempt. The driver could not enter Fez because he had no permit to pass the city checkpoint with his vehicle, so we all emptied out of the cab and waited by the side of the road for the drivers from Fez to pick us up. The two Moroccans got quick rides. Finally, one driver stopped and was willing to give us a ride at three times the price charged to the Moroccans, but only if he could search our suitcases for contraband. Since he was looking for bricks or other forms of hash bulk, we agreed. We opened our bags, he felt no slabs and we were off.

Fez was only about 20 minutes away, but near the gates to the city there was a roadblock. Seeing two Europeans in the car (us), the police pulled it over and had us pull out our luggage. As we were doing this I noticed that all the Europeans were being pulled over. A middle-aged Frenchman with his wife and two young kids was arguing with an officer about 15 feet away. We opened our cases, he shined his flashlight on the contents, then bent down, felt around inside and motioned that we were free to go. Ten minutes later we were in Fez checking into our hotel. Twenty minutes later I was at the Moroccan airport arguing with an airline official, demanding that he change my return-trip ticket to an earlier date. □

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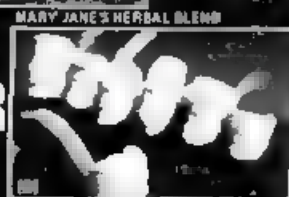
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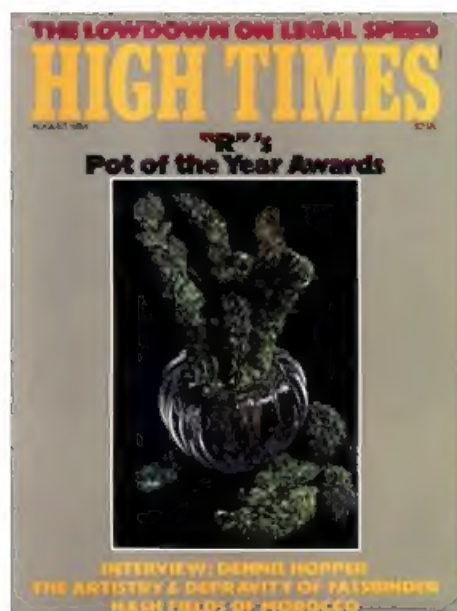
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